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LETTERS

2317
ON THE

CHICKASAW AND OSAGE

MISSIONS.

BY THE AUTHOR OF

*Conversations on the Sandwich Island, Bombay, and Ceylon
Missions, Naval Chaplain, &c.*

REVISED BY THE PUBLISHING COMMITTEE.

BOSTON:

PRINTED BY T. R. MARVIN, FOR THE
MASSACHUSETTS SABBATH SCHOOL UNION,
And sold at their Depository.

1831.

CHR



DISTRICT OF MASSACHUSETTS.....TO WIT:

District Clerk's Office.

BE IT REMEMBERED, that on the third day of March, A. D. 1831, in the fifty fifth year of the Independence of the United States of America, CHRISTOPHER C. DEAN, of the said District, has deposited in this Office the Title of a Book, the right whereof he claims as Proprietor, in the words following, viz:

Letters on the Caffrasaw and Oange Missions. By the Author of
Conversations on the Sandwich Island, Bombay and Ceylon Missions,
Naval Chaplain, &c.

In conformity to the Act of the Congress of the United States, entitled "An Act for the encouragement of learning, by securing the copies of maps, charts and books, to the authors and proprietors of such copies, during the times therein mentioned;" and also to an Act entitled "An Act supplementary to the Act entitled An Act for the encouragement of learning, by securing the copies of maps, charts and books, to the authors and proprietors of such copies during the times therein mentioned; and extending the benefits thereof to the arts of designing, engraving and etching historical and other prints."

JNO. W. DAVIS, { Clerk of the District
of Massachusetts.

PREFACE.

My dear young friends,

I have written another book for you, giving an account of **MISSIONS TO THE CHICKASAW AND OSAGE INDIANS**; hoping and believing that the more you learn of the state of the heathen, especially in our own beloved country, the more anxious you will feel to send them the gospel, and the means of civilization; which, together with the blessing of God, will turn them from their idolatry and wanderings into paths of purity and peace on earth, and fit them for the felicity and glory of heaven. When you have read these letters, I hope to send you a history of other missions which have been established among the tribes around the great lakes, sometimes called the northwestern Indians.

I trust we have experienced, that "it is more blessed to give than to receive." That we may continue to realize more and more of this blessedness, is the fervent prayer of your sincere friend,

THE AUTHOR.

MAY 1950
1000
WASH.

PART I.

LETTERS ON THE CHICKASAW MISSION.

AFTER a delightful visit of many weeks, to their uncle and aunt Pelham, Jerome Claiborne and his sister Delia returned home. They were received by their fond parents with great affection ; and their brothers and sisters were so much overjoyed, that the little ones made the house ring with their shouts of gladness.

Mrs. Summers and her daughters expressed almost as great pleasure, at their return, as Mr. and Mrs. Claiborne. The first meeting of the Missionary Society they attended, was greatly enlivened by Delia's account of the method pursued by her cousin Cornelia and Miss McEllroy, at the missionary working meetings they had attended in the neighborhood of her uncle Pelham. Before she and Jerome had

related all they could remember of the Choctaw mission, the following letters were received from their cousin, giving an account of what had been done in the Chickasaw nation, by missionaries, before and after the Missionary Society of the Synod of South Carolina and Georgia formed a union with the American Board of Missions.

LETTER I.

*My dear cousins, Jerome and Delia,—*I am now seated at the same little writing-desk upon which you used to write your compositions while with us, to prepare a sketch of the mission to the Chickasaw Indians, to be read at the next meeting of your Missionary Society.

The Missionary Society of the Synod of South Carolina and Georgia commenced a mission to these Indians, in January, 1821. The Rev. Mr. Stuart was appointed their first missionary and superintendent. He was accompanied by two families, who were employed by the same Society with instructions to aid in opening a farm, erecting buildings, and other necessary labor preparatory to the establishment of schools, meetings, &c. The

site of the station, afterwards named **Monroe**, was then a wilderness. Many were the difficulties and discouragements encountered and overcome by **Mr. Stuart** and his associates in the infancy of the mission, but Providence so far smiled upon their labors, that in the spring of 1822, they opened a school with seventeen Chickasaw children, which soon increased to twenty-five.

About the time the school commenced, a mechanic and a farmer, with their families, from South Carolina, joined **Mr. Stuart**; and in the following November, the **Rev. Hugh Wilson**, with his wife and sister, arrived. New plans were then laid and executed, to extend more widely the influence of the establishment.

The **Rev. William C. Blair**, from Ohio, was added to the number of missionaries, in January, 1823, who took charge of the school, which had been limited by the Synodical Society to thirty scholars; however, in the course of a few months, the missionaries were authorized to receive fifty, if the Chickasaws were desirous of intrusting so many children to their care. After this enlargement, **Mr. Wilson** was associated with **Mr. Blair** in the school, which was conducted upon the Lancasterian system. The children admitted,

were from six to sixteen years of age ; they were thought to be very interesting by their teachers, and to have made commendable progress in their learning. The missionaries have experienced less trouble at this station, so far as discipline is concerned, than at some of the schools in the Cherokee and Choctaw nations, of which you have already heard so much.

If you are at a loss about the situation of Monroe, I will remind you, that it is about fifty miles north of the missionary station at Mayhew, in the Choctaw nation. Mr. Stuart has been very happy in gaining the affection and confidence of the Chickasaws, and the blessing of God has followed his ministerial labors.

When the church at that station was organized, in June, 1823, it consisted only of the mission family, and a black woman, named Dinah, who was the first fruits of missionary labor there, that had come to their knowledge at that time. The missionaries met with much to encourage them, from that period. The following year, four more converts were added to their number, and in 1825, five more were received. Since then, the church has been blessed with several showers of divine grace. In the spring of 1827, a season of

refreshing from the presence of the Lord was enjoyed at Monroe, which continued through the summer, and the greater part of the following winter. During this revival, there were many striking instances of the power of the Gospel displayed in the conversion of many who had been exceedingly vile. It was truly interesting, to see the mercy of God following abandoned white men in their flight from the restraints of a civilized and Christian community, and overtaking them there, transforming them, and making them a blessing to a people, to whom they were before a curse.

Within the last seven years, more than eighty converts have been added to this little church in the Chickasaw wilderness, whose conduct hitherto has been more exemplary than is usual in most churches of equal numbers. About two-thirds of the members of the church are of African descent; these mostly understand English; and on that account are more accessible than the Chickasaws. The last mentioned class manifest an increasing attention to the means of grace, and since the commencement of the present year, more of the full Indians have been constant in their attendance upon religious meetings, than at any time since the mission was

established. The black people manifest the most ardent desire for religious instruction, and often travel a great many miles to obtain it. Sometimes they will walk ten miles for the sake of attending one evening meeting, after which they have returned by torch-light through foot-paths filled with mud and water.

I have heard of many very interesting and affecting circumstances connected with this mission; but as the following fact forcibly illustrates the importance and efficacy of religious instruction, I will relate it to you. Two or three years ago, a black man who belonged to the mission church, opened his little cabin for prayer, on the evening of every Wednesday, which was usually attended by about half a dozen colored persons.

This spring, the number suddenly increased, till more than fifty assembled at once, many of whom were full Indians. The meetings were conducted wholly by *Christian slaves*, in the Chickasaw language. One of their number can read fluently in the Bible, and many of the others can sing hymns, which they have committed to memory from hearing them sung and recited. The chiefs began to manifest an increasing regard for the schools

and religious instruction. They also enacted many excellent laws which they enforced with great spirit and promptness.

Perhaps you know already, that four stations have been formed in the Chickasaw nation, all of which are now under the patronage of the American Board of Missions. Besides the one at Monroe, there is one at Tokshish, one at Martyn, and one at Caney Creek. The Cumberland Presbyterians also have one station among the Chickasaws, called Charity Hall. Rev. Mr. Bell is the missionary, who has sometimes had twenty or twenty-five Chickasaw children in his school; but I am unacquainted with his operations, or what is the present state of that mission. In my next letter, I will relate to you many things connected with the station at Tokshish.

Remember me affectionately to your parents and all my little cousins, and believe me your sincere friend,

CORNELIA PELHAM.

LETTER II.

My dear Cousins,—I will now attempt to make you acquainted with the missionary sta-

tion at Tokshish. It is situated only two miles from Monroe, and was established in 1825, but Mr. Holmes, a licensed preacher, the present missionary and superintendent, did not arrive there till 1826. Mrs. Holmes and Miss Emeline Richmond are his only assistants. Mr. Holmes devotes himself almost entirely to the religious instruction of the full Indians. Miss Richmond labors constantly in the school, which contains fifteen or twenty pupils, nearly all of whom are little Indian girls, who appear very much attached to their teacher, and fond of the school. About one half of the scholars board in the mission family—the rest, with their parents in the vicinity. Almost all the children speak English, and appear to very good advantage, and are making most desirable progress in their studies and work.

The Rev. Mr. Stuart, the superintendent of the Chickasaw mission, was obliged to leave Monroe in 1829, on account of ill health; and for want of a missionary and teacher to take his place, the school and other labors at that station were suspended.

The only mission church among the Chickasaws is that at Monroe and Tokshish, and contains one hundred members; among all Chickasaw converts, there had been but

one death previous to 1828. The person who died was a colored woman, and the manner of her death was so remarkable, that I will relate it, with a short sketch of her life. Her name was *Sarah* —. She was a native of Africa, but carried to the West Indies when a little child—there she heard the gospel preached, but in a language she did not understand. After wearing out many years in bondage, she was sent to New Orleans, where she lived in French families several years. At length, she was conducted by Providence within a few miles of this mission. She became a constant attendant upon the preaching of the gospel, from the time the mission was established. But her heart never appeared to yield to its saving influence, until the last year of her life. After she cordially received the truth in the love of it, it was delightful to see her labor, and hear her pray for the extension of Christ's kingdom through the world. Her zeal and love increased, in proportion to her knowledge of the divine requirements, and she appeared literally to hunger and thirst after righteousness. The last ten days of her pilgrimage, she spent in going from cabin to cabin, exhorting all the impenitent she found to flee from the wrath of an offended God, and encouraging Chris-

tians to increased fidelity in the service of their Saviour.

One evening, she went to a little prayer meeting for colored people, her heart overflowing with love to Christ;—about the middle of the meeting, she requested to have her favorite hymn sung, and joined in the singing herself. While singing, she rose from the bed on which she with others had been sitting, and walked round the room, shaking hands in a peculiarly affectionate manner with every person present,—returned to the bed, sat down, and gently sunk into a reclining posture and expired, before her friends had closed singing the hymn she had chosen. Some time elapsed before any one suspected what had happened. At the close of the meeting, she was found to be lifeless, but supposing she had fainted, her friends used means to revive her, but her happy soul had bidden a long farewell to every earthly scene, and it was fully believed by all who were acquainted with her Christian course, that she had entered into everlasting rest.

No person had any knowledge of any previous indisposition, and it was supposed that her age exceeded seventy years.

The regular preaching of the gospel was held on the Sabbath constantly, at Monroe,

for a long time, and at Tokshish, a lecture was preached, and a prayer-meeting held every week. The female members of the church, both native and black women, attended a weekly female prayer-meeting, and took part in the exercises with the ladies of the mission. For many miles around Monroe and Tokshish, it is quite populous for an Indian country. Within ten miles, there were nearly eight hundred souls, besides a pretty large settlement somewhat more distant, where a considerable congregation often assembled to hear the missionaries preach in English, a large proportion of which understood that language. The revival of religion which commenced at Monroe, in 1827, spread through the neighboring settlements, and since that time, many cases of conversion have occurred of a character unusually interesting. Among those who have become pious in the vicinity of Tokshish, were several native young men of great promise ; I will mention a few particulars respecting one of them named William H. Barr, a full Chickasaw, unacquainted with the English language. The portions of Scripture translated into Choctaw,* were put into his hands, which he read with

*The Chickasaw language is nearly the same as the Choctaw.

deep interest, and it pleased God to make them instrumental of his awakening, and ultimately of his conversion. From the time he embraced a hope of pardon and acceptance through the blood of the cross, he has taken a firm and decided stand on the side of religion. Having a good mind, and considerable education, and being a favorite nephew of the first chief in the district, his influence was felt very extensively.

Another young man, about the same age, became serious nearly at the same time that William did, and cheerfully aided him in establishing and conducting a Sabbath school for full Indians, in their own tongue, in a settlement of natives a few miles from Tokshish.

Not long after the events above mentioned took place, a council convened in the neighborhood of Tokshish, and Mr. Holmes attended it. It is not customary for the Indians to engage in business on the first day a council assembles, and Mr. Holmes invited the chiefs to collect the people for religious services, immediately after supper. They cordially accepted his invitation. It proved a pleasant night. A cloudless sky and bright moon gave to the surrounding forest such a cheerful and pleasant appearance, that the

missionaries felt highly animated, and the hearts of the new converts were full of joy.

When the hour arrived for the meeting to commence, one of the chiefs, in a clear, strong voice, informed the people that the missionary was ready "to give them a talk." In a few moments, all were quietly seated, the chiefs on chairs, and the warriors upon the grass, in a semicircular form. A man of rank and influence offered to interpret. After Mr. Holmes had made his remarks, he called upon Wm. H. Barr to make an address. He arose, and gave an account of his conversion from heathenism to Christianity, and concluded with a most solemn and affectionate exhortation. His remarks occupied full three quarters of an hour. The assembly were very still and attentive; the eloquence of young Barr delighted and astonished them. Mr. Holmes supposed the meeting would soon break up after William ceased to speak, and he made a closing prayer; but all were too deeply interested to think of dispersing, and one speech followed close upon another till nearly midnight. There was another meeting still more interesting than this, in the summer of 1829, but I fear I shall exhaust your patience by writing such long letters, and will defer an account of it to another opportunity.

If any of my kind friends inquire after me, tell them that my health is good, and I cherish their memory with increasing affection.

Yours sincerely, CORNELIA P.

LETTER III.

My dear Cousins,—The meeting to which I alluded in my last letter, was appointed agreeably to the wishes of the chiefs and warriors, as well as of the missionaries. It was called *a religious council*, and was continued four days. A large number arrived the first day, some of whom had travelled sixty miles.

There was no meeting-house and no school-house, or other building at Tokshish, which could hold a quarter part of the people who were expected to assemble, and a large arbor was therefore built in the woods, furnished with a pulpit and accommodations to seat a thousand people. The next morning Mr. Wood and Mr. Caldwell, from the Choctaw mission, arrived; and soon after, Major Colbert, Capt. McGilvery and Capt. Sealy—three of the highest Chickasaw chiefs, besides several other men of high standing, with their

families. Rev. Mr. Byington came in the evening with two Choctaw converts ; one of them was Tahoka of whom I related so much in my account of the Choctaw mission. The meeting commenced on Thursday, and continued until the Monday following. On the Sabbath; the Lord's Supper was administered to nearly a hundred of his professing disciples, gathered from six different nations, all united together by the ties of Christian affection, and bound to their common Saviour by the strongest bonds of gratitude and love. Mr. Byington preached often in Choctaw, with peculiar acceptance, being fully understood also by every Chickasaw. Tahoka, also, made many exhortations in the most fervent, beseeching, and winning manner ; which were well received, and instrumental of great good. Many anxious inquirers were present at these meetings.

The concluding service was held on Monday morning, upon which occasion multitudes assembled. After a solemn exhortation and fervent prayer, the meeting was dissolved, and the friends and servants of Christ returned to their respective fields of labor, encouraged and comforted, as well as strengthened, by this long and joyful meeting in the Indian wilderness.

It was not long after this interesting season, that one of the members of the church was bereaved of her only daughter, a pleasant little girl, eight years old. She fell sick on Saturday, and died early the following Monday morning. No one thought her dangerous, until her dying agonies came on: When Mr. Holmes told the afflicted mother that her child was dying, she meekly replied, "The will of the Lord be done." Mr. Holmes said he never witnessed such perfect resignation as this woman exhibited. At her request, the child had a Christian funeral; the missionary preached a sermon at the house, where every thing was conducted in a solemn and becoming manner,—no wailing, tearing of hair, and beating on the breast, as is common among the heathen, at the interment of the dead. The corpse was carried to the grave in a coffin placed upon a bier, followed by a long procession of relatives, scholars, and neighbors. This was the first native ever known to have had a Christian funeral.

The laws against intemperance were so rigidly enforced by the chiefs, that in the summer of 1829, Mr. Holmes said, "*We have not seen an intoxicated Indian during the past year.*" The change seemed the more remarkable, as intemperance had been,

for a long time, the easily besetting sin of almost every tribe of Indians in our country. In the fall of 1829, there was another large meeting held in the same neighborhood, attended by a great many people who wished to know how they might be saved. In speaking of their distress, Mr. Holmes said, "Never did I see such weeping before." It is believed that since that time many of those weeping sinners have been truly converted to God, though some who then manifested much trouble on account of sin, do not give satisfactory evidence of being delivered from its power. During this communion season, the missionaries were assisted by the Rev. Mr. Byington, from the Choctaw nation, accompanied by Col. Folsom, a Choctaw chief.

You will undoubtedly feel much surprised when you are informed that the Chickasaws and other people who live in that nation have felt such anxiety to hear the gospel preached, that they have travelled on foot from twenty to thirty miles, solely for that purpose. One old woman walked a great distance to inquire what she must do to be saved? She told the missionary that she waded through all the intervening swamps, through water two feet deep, and her case was by no means a singular one. A prayer meeting on Wednesday

evening was held in the school-house, at Tokshish, which for more than a year was constantly crowded. Many of those who attended had to come from seven to ten miles, and return the same night.

I think these facts need only to be known, to arouse the minds of Christians, and stimulate them to more vigorous exertions in making provision for the spiritual wants of this interesting people. I feel assured your Society will do much to improve the children in the schools, by sending them books, slates, paper, pencils, &c. If you add shoes, you will do them a particular favor. It is delightful to witness the triumphs of the gospel in the vicinity of the missionary stations. The members of the church appear remarkably well, and lead sober, consistent Christian lives. The advancement in civilization is very great, especially near Monroe and Tokshish.

I believe I have already mentioned that Mr. Stuart's health failed, and that he was compelled to return with his family to South Carolina. He has since recovered his health and returned to his former station. He is now able to preach to the Indians, who feel a very strong affection for him.

Mr. Holmes has suffered from ill health, and has been obliged to leave the mission for

a time, but was enabled to return with improved health after a few months.

In my next letter, I shall continue the account of the missions under the direction of the American Board, in the Chickasaw nation. Remember me affectionately to all friends.

Yours truly,

CORNELIA.

LETTER IV.

My dear Cousins,—In this letter I propose to give you a brief history of the missionary station of Martyn, under the superintendence of the Rev. Mr. Blair. The Indian name of the settlement in which this station is situated is *Pacha Noosa*, the English of which is *Pigeon Roost*. In the neighboring white settlements the people call it the *Love Village*, because many families by the name of Love reside there. There were in the school, at one time, ten, out of twenty-four scholars, whose names were Love. Martyn is sixty miles north west from Monroe, and about ninety west from Caney Creek.

There are a considerable number of families of mixed blood, within two miles of the station; some of the members of these fami-

lies were educated in the mission school at Monroe. A blacksmith's shop and grist-mill, show that civilization has made considerable progress in this neighborhood.

Within six or eight miles there are two full Indian settlements, which are pleasantly situated, and make an unusually neat appearance. Many of the people living in the vicinity of Martyn can understand English, and without the aid of an interpreter, Mr. Blair can preach to all the inhabitants who have hitherto manifested a desire to attend upon the means of grace.

This station was formed by the desire, and at the expense of the Chickasaws, who appropriated part of the annuities which they receive from the United States in pay for lands they have sold, to erect buildings, clear up a little farm, and to purchase stock. They also appropriated a sufficient sum to establish and support two schools, and selected Martyn and Caney Creek, as the places where they wished them to be established. I believe the appropriation was made in 1824; the buildings were commenced the latter part of 1825, but the school was not opened until August, 1826. When the establishment was completed, it was a very comfortable place, and far from unpleasant. The houses were built

of hewn logs, and had brick chimneys, with convenient out-houses, and a garden containing three quarters of an acre, enclosed by a suitable fence. Mr. and Mrs. Blair have generally labored alone at this station; excepting the necessary help upon the farm and in the kitchen. Their school contains nearly thirty pupils, a part of whom board constantly with them; and during the severity of winter, almost the whole of the school remain with them. The scholars manifest very good capacity for learning. There has been no church formed at Martyn yet, though a number of the members of the Chickasaw mission church live in the neighborhood, and a few months ago there were several interesting cases of anxious inquiry. As knowledge increases a spirit of liberality wakes up, showing itself in efforts to benefit others more ignorant and destitute than themselves. Besides the regular preaching of the gospel, Mr. Blair has the charge of a large and respectable Bible class every Sabbath. A Bible Society has been formed, which has not only supplied the wants of the mission, but has extended aid to other neighborhoods. There are two weekly prayer meetings, and the Monthly Concert is observed. A Temperance Society has been

recently formed in addition to all the other benevolent efforts I have named already.

Two of the Chickasaw girls who received their education in Mr. Blair's school, have married respectable white men and settled in the vicinity of Martyn.

I am sorry I have no letters from the boys and girls in that school to send you. If I receive any, I will forward them by the first opportunity. Remember me affectionately to uncle and aunt, and believe me your sincere friend,

CORNELIA.

LETTER V.

Dear Cousin Delia,—The station at Caney Creek was established upon Indian funds, the same as the one at Martyn. The money was placed at the disposal of the Rev. Mr. Stuart, who superintended the erection of the buildings, the opening of the farm, and other preparatory measures for getting a school into operation.

The Rev. Mr. Wilson and his family took up their residence at this station the last week in August, 1826. At that time every thing

was in a confused state, the buildings unfinished, and the garden and yards unfenced. The anxiety of the Chickasaws to have the school opened for the reception of their children, induced Mr. Wilson to engage to receive scholars on the fifteenth day of January, 1827. When the day arrived the weather proved excessively cold and only five Indian children attended the first week, but before the second week closed he had fifteen scholars, almost all ignorant of the English language. The number of scholars to be in the school at once, was limited by the Chickasaws to twenty-five; among the first set of pupils were some who were thought by the missionaries to be genteel in their manners and appearance; a few of them were nearly seventeen years of age. Whenever a scholar left the school, his place was immediately filled by another.

There have been several vacations since the commencement of the school, but it has usually happened at this station, that the scholars have been prompt in returning as soon as the vacation closed. The progress of the children in their studies has been very good; they would not suffer in the least by comparison with children in New

England, after attending the same length of time.

Mr. Wilson has not had much help in the school a great part of the time ; a young brother, a member of Nashville College, took charge of it for a time, and his sister has been a missionary assistant, I believe ever since the commencement of Mr. Wilson's labors at Caney Creek.

After the restriction was taken off, respecting a limited number of scholars, Mr. Wilson increased his number to thirty-five. The missionaries have always found it an arduous task to teach the Indian children English, while they have lived together, for they are very unwilling to use any language but their own, unless compelled to do so from necessity. To remedy this difficulty, Mr. Wilson placed five of his native boys in pious families in Tennessee, one in a family, where they ate, slept, and played with the children of the family where they boarded, and attended a good school in the neighborhood, principally at the expense of the mission. In these circumstances they learned English, and acquired knowledge more rapidly than had been anticipated before the experiment was tried. The boys were pleased and contented in their

new situation, and a very marked change for the better was soon visible in their persons and manners. Some pious and liberal gentlemen and ladies have taken an Indian child into their families, and given it board and tuition; and the plan succeeded so well, that since then above twenty children have been sent into Tennessee, and placed in similar circumstances. Those retained in the mission school are making good progress in their studies, and manifest much affection for the mission family, by whom they are loved most tenderly. Mr. Wilson's heart is often cheered by the good accounts forwarded to him, from time to time, by the teachers of his boys in Tennessee.

Caney Creek is a good place for an Indian boarding school, because it is at a considerable distance from any settlement of full Indians. It has been found from experience, that native children in schools do better when removed from their early associates, and are more tractable in learning to study and work.

You would be highly entertained to hear about the laws, which I referred to in my last letter, which were enacted about two years ago by the highest chiefs, who caused them to be enforced with the greatest strictness; I will mention a very few of them. They ban-

ished whiskey from the nation for a time : they punished every thief with thirty-nine lashes, and compelled him to restore the stolen articles, or other property to the full amount ; the stripes were dealt out most faithfully to every thief, without any abatement on account of age, sex, color, or rank. Twenty-five men from the four national districts were elected to see that these laws were promptly executed, and paid by the nation. Laws were made against other crimes, and enforced with equal vigor.

You will readily infer from what I have related already, that this mission has been a great blessing to the Chickasaw people ; and could they be left in quiet possession of their country and privileges, it is believed that their advancement in religious knowledge and civilization would continue to be rapid ; but the expectation of being removed from the lands which they now occupy has discouraged them, caused the laws to be disregarded, and filled the nation with distress and disorder.

I do not think of anything more to add at this time, except to say that there is a flourishing Sabbath school at Caney Creek containing twenty-five scholars, besides those connected with the mission family, unless I answer cousin Andrew's inquiry concerning the

situation of the Chickasaw nation. I will therefore add a postscript for him.

Affectionately yours, CORNELIA.

P. S. *Dear Andrew*,—I would make an apology for neglecting to tell you how the Chickasaw nation is situated, in my first letter. If you examine a map of the United States you will find this tribe occupy the northern part of the State of Mississippi. *Caney Creek* is near the eastern boundary of the Chickasaw lands, and was chosen on account of its nearness to navigable waters, and a good market.

The mission farm is not large, but the land is as good as any in the nation—it is well managed and very productive.

I shall endeavor to fulfil my promise to your sister Delia, and continue to send her letters. In my next you may expect to hear about the commencement of a mission to the Osage Indians, which I think you will find more interesting than anything I have yet sent you concerning the original inhabitants of America.

I desire much love to my dear uncle, aunt, and cousins. Affectionately yours,

CORNELIA.

[REDACTED]

PART II.

LETTERS ON THE OSAGE MISSION.

LETTER I.

My dear Cousins,—It is with sincere pleasure I commence writing the history of the mission to the Osage Indians, which I promised you in my last letter concerning the Chickasaw Indians.

In May, 1819, the United Foreign Missionary Society appointed two Agents, Rev. Epaphras Chapman, and Rev. Job P. Vinall, to visit the Missouri Territory and ascertain the condition of the Indian tribes in that quarter, and to select suitable places for missionary stations.

These gentlemen left New York in the same month, and went directly to the city of Washington, where they remained long enough to be furnished with letters of recommendation from the Secretaries of State, and of

War, to all the officers of government wherever it was probable they might travel. Col. McKenney, Superintendent of Indian Trade, also gave them letters of introduction to all the agents and factors among the Indians, urging them to co-operate with the missionaries in their plans for benefiting the Indians, and to furnish guides, interpreters, &c. whenever necessary. These letters were of the utmost importance to the travellers, and greatly facilitated the successful prosecution of their tour. They made Brainerd in their way, and passed a few days in a very pleasant and profitable manner with the missionaries at that station. While there, the agents were introduced to Mr. Charles Hicks, the Christian chief of whom you heard me often speak, in relating the history of the Cherokee mission. He furnished them with an excellent letter to the king and his warriors at Arkansas. They also called at the Cherokee Agency, and were received with similar expressions of hospitality, kindness and courtesy, which Col. Meigs has uniformly expressed towards all our missionaries. He gave them letters to all the distinguished chiefs of the Cherokees of the Arkansas, to Gov. Clarke, who at that time had the control of the whole country through which the agents would travel.

He also wrote a most affectionate introduction, explaining their design, character, &c. and added some advice and information, which were of great value. He also wrote letters of commendation, requesting friendly aid and co-operation, to Major Lewis, agent of the Arkansas Cherokees, and Captain Reece, who had formerly been as distinguished for his warlike achievements as he then was for his piety and industry. The Governor of Tennessee showed them particular attentions, and wrote a favorable letter to the head men among the Cherokees.

After leaving Fort Deposit, in Tennessee, the missionaries suffered considerably from bad water, poor provisions, and difficulties in travelling over the low, swampy lands, at that time overflowed. However, they reached the Arkansas in safety on the thirteenth of July. If you will consult your map, I will observe, that between the place called Muscle Shoals, and Chickasaw Bluffs, these gentlemen saw neither Indians nor white men, and very few animals. They said, "It seemed to have the stillness of the house of death." Immediately upon their arrival, they waited upon the king, who expressed much satisfaction from the visit, and promised to call a council, on their account, as soon as he had conferred with his

chiefs. The day was appointed for the council to convene, but before it arrived, both of the missionaries were brought very low by bilious fevers, and were not able to transact any business at the time of the meeting; therefore the whole concern was entrusted to Major Lewis, who conducted it in a judicious manner, and received for them the cordial approbation of king and chiefs, sixteen of whom signed their *talk*.

When Mr. Chapman and Mr. Vinall had so far recovered as to be able to attend to business, Major Lewis accompanied them to the garrison situated at the junction of the rivers Poteau and Arkansas, to attend an Indian council of Cherokees and Osages. They laid the object of their mission before the chiefs, who expressed their unqualified approbation, and returned a speech in which their satisfaction was expressed in strong terms, signed by nine of the principal chiefs.

The missionaries continued very feeble, particularly Mr. Vinall, but they continued together a week or more after this pleasant interview with the Osage chiefs, and then Mr. Vinall came to the determination to descend the Mississippi and return to New York by the way of New Orleans. Accordingly, early in October he bade Mr. Chapman farewell,

and went on board a large decked boat for New Orleans ; but he died in a few weeks, at Fort Smith, where he received every attention from Major Bradford, and his kind and amiable wife. The particulars of his death were not known until the arrival of the mission family the year following.

Soon after Mr. Vinall's departure, Mr. Chapman, accompanied by Captain Pryor, a white man, whose name I mentioned more than once in my account of the mission to the Cherokees of the Arkansas, went to the Osage country with the chiefs, their women and children, on their return from the council, who treated them with great kindness, well pleased with the thought that they should soon have a mission established in their nation. During this journey, Mr. Chapman selected the spot for a station, which was afterwards called Union.

Having now accomplished the object of his journey, Mr. Chapman bade adieu to his newly acquired Osage acquaintance, and set out for the Missouri with a Mr. Sloper, a good hunter and woodsman. Without a road or a guide, they pursued their perilous course, the compass their only director, through dangers and difficulties which I suppose, my dear cousins, we should not very well understand

if they were described to us with ever so much particularity. However, the Lord conducted them safely through every obstruction that impeded their progress, and with a thankful heart Mr. Chapman entered St. Louis the latter part of October ; and after resting a short time, continued his way back to the city of New York.

You may expect another letter soon.

Yours,

CORNELIA.

LETTER II.

Dear Cousins,—After Mr. Chapman returned to New York and reported his tour, the Board adopted a plan more extensive than they at first contemplated. Their improved plan embraced not only the knowledge of Christianity, but the instruction of the native boys in useful learning, agriculture, and the mechanic arts ; and the girls, spinning, weaving, knitting, sewing, and domestic economy.

Soon after their plan was matured and published, the following persons volunteered their services, to go to the Osage wilderness and teach these things to the savage inhabitants. The Rev, Mr. Vaill was appointed

superintendent of the mission, and the Rev. Mr. Chapman, assistant superintendent ; Dr. Marcus Palmer, physician ; Mr. Fuller, farmer ; Mr. Redfield, carpenter ; Mr. Milton, farmer and stone-cutter ; Mr. Wm. Requa, farmer and teacher ; Mr. Woodruff, blacksmith ; and Mr. G. Requa, farmer and mechanic.

Besides these gentlemen, the following ladies were approved as helpers, in addition to Mrs. Vaill and Mrs. Chapman. Misses Susan Lines, Eliza Cleaver, Clarissa Johnson, Mary Foster, Dolly E. Hoyt, and Phebe Beach. Mr. Vaill's four children, who were from three to ten years of age, were part of the mission family. The committee of missions received the most satisfactory testimonials of the religious character and qualifications of all these persons, and they were most cordially recommended to the Board, who received them gladly and appointed them members of the mission individually.

Such interest in the missionary cause had never before been exhibited in the city of New York as was displayed after this interesting family collected, about the middle of April, 1820. In a few days, articles for the use of the mission, and for the comfort of the missionaries, were gathered to the amount of

seven or eight thousand dollars, besides the collections after public religious services and private donations to twenty-five hundred dollars in money. The ladies in the city and the vicinity, prepared clothing for Indian children who should be received into the mission school, and for the missionaries, by which they rendered essential service to the mission. After spending a few days in delightful Christian intercourse, the mission family embarked on board a steam-boat for Philadelphia, where a very general interest was excited. Many missionary addresses were made, and collections taken up to a considerable amount. On the day of their departure from that city, the whole family assembled in Market Street; several ministers, and a large number of ladies and gentlemen, the friends of missions, accompanied them out to Centre Square, an enclosure, planted with trees and laid out in walks. There the farewell scene was witnessed. The Rev. Dr. Janeway offered the parting prayer,—the hearts of all present were melted down in sympathetic tenderness and Christian love. From this place of prayer, the mission family proceeded on their way to the land of the heathen, followed in carriages by many of their friends, a few miles, and doubtless the prayers of thousands fol-

lowed them to the field of their future labors. In almost every considerable place, from New York to Pittsburg, the family experienced the kindness and hospitality of Christians of all denominations, and the continued smiles of a gracious Providence.

At Pittsburg, articles were collected to the amount of nearly a thousand dollars, for the use of the mission, materials were procured to make four large tents, and two boats were purchased, and all the mission property put on board. The family were very happy on their voyage, the most entire harmony prevailed,—sometimes they sailed separately, and sometimes the boats were lashed together; then it was easy to walk from one boat to the other. In this way they usually descended about fifty miles in a day. The health of the family generally continued good until some time after they began to ascend the Arkansas river; but before they reached the post of Arkansas, most of their number began to falter, and one after another were brought very low with ague and fever, and a bilious fever, which, in the case of Miss Lines and Miss Hoyt, assumed the form of typhus, and proved fatal. Both of these amiable and interesting young ladies died within a week; but they died in the triumphs of faith, leaving abundant

evidence in their pious lives as well as happy deaths, that they were prepared to enter the abodes of the blessed. Miss Lines died on the 25th of July, two days after the afflicted family arrived at Little Rock. At that time, other members of the family were very sick, the weather was excessively hot, and the boats so crowded, that it was deemed unsafe to remain on board with the sick any longer ; therefore they landed at Little Rock, which stands upon a hill near the river, and abounds in springs of pure water. It is a small village, and they found two little cabins unoccupied, which had been recently built, in which the sick were made comfortable, and soon began to amend. The waters of the Arkansas had previously begun to fall, and in a short time it became impossible to proceed up the river until the water should rise. After waiting a considerable time at Little Rock in vain, hoping for the rise of the river, Mr. Chapman, with several of his men, took a canoe and started for the station he had selected on his exploring tour the year preceding, with the intention of making some preparation for the reception of the rest of the family ; but they could not proceed in the canoe any farther than the Dardanells in the Cherokee nation. They then procured pack-horses, and

forced their way through the wilderness, to the spot upon which they hoped to erect an edifice, in which to worship Jehovah themselves, and point the heathen to "the Lamb of God that taketh away the sins of the world." After encountering and overcoming a variety of trials and difficulties, the party safely arrived at the desired station, and received a cordial welcome from the chief and a few Indians whom they found at Union. Mr. Chapman felt somewhat embarrassed when he found the country greatly agitated by the prospect of war.

I must now draw this letter to a close, and attend to other duties; but hope soon to resume my pen and inform you farther concerning the war and the progress of the mission.

Ever yours,

CORNELIA.

LETTER III.

My dear Cousins,—A short time before the mission reached Union, Governor Miller, of Arkansas, had visited the Cherokee and Osage nations, hoping to hush their disputes and bring about a treaty of peace, upon just and equitable principles. I believe these long

protracted difficulties grew out of encroachments upon the Osage hunting grounds by the Cherokees, who were generally considered the aggressors. In the repeated skirmishes between the hostile parties, the Cherokees had taken many captives, and several persons had been murdered by the Osages. The former refused to give up their captives, and the latter, with equal obstinacy, refused to yield up the murderers. When the Governor returned, he met the mission family and showed them much kindness, but feared he had almost entirely failed in the object of his journey. However, it was hoped there would be a suspension of hostilities for a time. After Mr. Chapman had made arrangements for erecting comfortable cabins, and seen them in a good state of forwardness, he returned to the mission family, who had been again stopped in their ascent by shoal water. He met them at Fort Smith, on the first of January, where they were compelled to remain till the twenty-ninth of the month. The water then rose, and they proceeded on their journey and arrived at Union on the eighteenth of February, 1821, ten months after they left the city of New York. It was a day of joy and thanksgiving, although the cabins were still in an unfinished state, and the weather

extremely cold for that country. The cabins were made comfortable in the course of a fortnight, and the family divided themselves into four parts, and occupied the four cabins, reserving the fifth for a store-house.

Union is delightfully situated upon a large *prairie* containing from eight hundred to a thousand acres, of rich soil, skirted by timber land, rather more than twenty miles from the mouth of the Neosho or Grand river, a rapid stream, navigable a part of the year. This river flows by the prairie on which the mission was built.

A few of the Indians called at the mission house soon after the family arrived, as they said, to "shake hands with them." During this interview, they agreed to hold a council at their town, within ten days, at which time they would attend to all the proposals the missionaries might wish to make. The second chief, whose name was Tally, made a very friendly visit, and expressed the warmest pleasure in seeing them. He had expected them for a long time, and said, "Now we see your faces, and feel glad."

The council was to be held at the Osage village, distant from Union about twenty-five miles; and Mr. Vaill, Mr. Chapman, Dr. Palmer, and Mr. George Requa, were ap-

pointed to attend. They labored under many disadvantages, for the want of a good interpreter ; however, they made them understand that their sole object in coming, was to do the Osage people good. The first chief, named Clamore, expressed his satisfaction in strong terms, and warmly recommended the mission to the regards of his people. After his remarks closed, he gave the missionaries to understand that he should send his children to their school, as soon as they were prepared to receive them, in case he did not engage in war with the Cherokees.

As the missionaries approached the Osage town, they were struck with the beauty and grandeur of the prospect. The land was level to a great distance, and the river Verdigris rolled on one side of it, while on the other, at the distance of a mile or two, several of those *natural mounds*, of which you have often read, and as often longed to know their origin, rose from a level plain to the height of two hundred feet, the one nearest the town, which some of the gentlemen ascended, was accessible only on one side. They found the top of it as level and smooth as the plain below, in a circular form of about three acres. All these mounds were of equal height, and all level on the top. As the mis-

sionaries approached the town, Clamore came out to welcome and conduct them in. They were immediately surrounded by hundreds of Indians, all apparently happy to see them.

The **Osages** are a noble looking race of men, their usual height exceeds six feet, very straight, and their faces handsome. How would you feel, my dear cousins, to find yourselves surrounded by two hundred such tall men, dressed in buckskin leggins that reached to their hips, a short buffaloe robe or blanket suspended from their shoulders, and moccasins upon their feet? They shave their hair close to their heads, except a rim about half an inch wide around the crown of the head, which they wear about an inch long. Ornaments for the head are fastened within this line of hair; other ornaments are attached to their ears, which are slit in several places, and many wear these slits filled with strings of beads. Besides these, their arms and legs are covered with other ornaments, suited to the Indian taste and fancy. Clamore invited them to his lodge, and there they were feasted with a preparation of corn, served up in a large wooden bowl; and before their first Indian repast was finished, they were requested to eat at another lodge, and then another, till they found it impossible to comply with all the invitations of this hospitable people.

Perhaps you will like to know the style of building adopted by the Osages. Their houses are usually built in a very slight manner, of long poles, arched over the top like a grape frame, and neatly lined with a matting made of flags. The size of the lodge corresponds with the number of wives and children; but they would generally measure from 50 to 100 feet in length. About two hundred and fifty of these lodges stand upon half a mile square, and contain about three thousand inhabitants. You know the Indians love to wander from place to place, and seldom live long in compact settlements; they therefore find the advantage of building such frail houses, as we should call them; for whenever they wish to take down a house or rebuild one, the labor principally falls upon the women, who will take down or put one up in a few hours. They do not have floors or seats, but sit on mats or skins. Instead of fire-places, they dig a hole about two feet across, not very deep, in which the fire is kindled, and an aperture left in the roof for the smoke to pass off. It is common to find three or four such fires in one lodge, around which the family sit in circles.

After attending to all the objects which they had to bring before the council, the mis-

sionaries returned to their comfortable home ; for to them it appeared uncommonly so, with all their inconveniences, when compared with that of the best native habitations.

I must now leave you with my best wishes for your temporal and eternal happiness.

CORNELIA.

LETTER IV.

My dear Cousins,—In less than a fortnight after the meeting of the council, nine Osage warriors, on their way to the garrison, called at the mission house. They wished to ascertain whether the Cherokees had determined upon war ; but a little circumstance occurred which excited new fears that they should meet the enemy ; they therefore tarried all night, and the next day returned to their village. It was not long after this visit, that Major Bradford, at Fort Smith, sent the missionaries word that war had been declared between the two nations, and that the Cherokees had requested the white people should remove, for fear they would be injured by their young warriors in the heat of battle. And what

seemed a little remarkable, within a week afterwards, Clamore, the Osage chief, called upon the missionaries to tell them that four hundred of his warriors had resolved to go over the river and march down to the Cherokee country, and fight them upon their own ground ; and his object in calling was to caution them to keep an eye upon their cattle and horses, lest his young men should take them away. He insinuated to them that there were other Osage villages, over which he had no control, from whose inhabitants the mission might receive injury ; but manifested much friendship for the mission family, and strong attachment to the government of the United States. During this visit, Mr. Chapman presented him with a pair of shoes, made designedly for the first chief, by his brother in Connecticut. Clamore was highly gratified with his gift, and said, "*He is my brother too.*"

The party of Osages who went down to fight the Cherokees early in April, returned before the middle of the month, boasting that they had killed several Cherokee and a few Quapaw Indians ; they had also destroyed and stolen considerable property from the white settlers. In consequence of such an unpleasant state of things, missionary operations were retarded, and much anxiety suf-

ferred by all the family, for many months. Mr. Chapman went over to the village the last of April, to find out, if possible, what they were to expect from the chief and his people, after the murders and robbery they had committed in their late warlike excursion. Clamore said, "*I did not send my men down to conduct so!*" Much dissatisfaction was expressed by his people; and the young chief, to whom the conduct of the enterprize was committed, met with so many frowns on his return, that he soon escaped from the village. Clamore made some overtures for peace with Col. Webber, one of the most influential Cherokee chiefs, (perhaps you will remember that this chief was brother-in-law to Catharine Brown,) but he was careful that he should understand his desire for peace did not arise from a sense of weakness, for he sent him word that he could send upon him at least fifteen hundred warriors; and if it was his wish to carry on war, he (Clamore) would prosecute it on his part with the utmost vigor.

The trials of the missionaries seemed rather to increase than lessen. They were disappointed in their expectations of finding mill-seats, and their mill-wright was unacquainted with the art of constructing mills to be carried with any other than water power. Some of

their most efficient helpers were sick, and they were still destitute of a kitchen, oven, &c. The ladies were feeble, and obliged to prepare food, and attend to the sick under very great disadvantages ; so that when they met on the evening of the first Monday in May, they seemed to be covered with an almost impenetrable cloud of darkness. However, the Lord smiled upon them in a few days, and their hearts began to be cheered, and much quickened in prayer and praise. The sick showed signs of recovery, and after a season of united consultation, they resolved to build a good frame house, forty-eight feet long and twenty wide, two stories high, with a piazza in front, kitchen, cellar, &c. They had failed in every attempt to secure a good interpreter, and at this meeting it was agreed that Mr. Chapman should go to Clamore's village immediately, and see if it was not expedient for him to accompany them upon their summer's hunt, that he might acquire their language. He accordingly went the fourteenth of May, but found the village deserted ; to all appearance they had been absent several days. The next day it was voted that Mr. Chapman and Mr. Wm. Requa should follow them to the hunting ground, and remain till they returned home in the fall.

They also adopted a variety of regulations with regard to the duty of other individuals of the mission family, the care of the mission property, &c. And May the 26th was set apart for fasting and prayer, previous to organizing a regular church. The day following was the Sabbath, when the ordinance of the Lord's Supper was administered. It was a season of deep solemnity, and tender interest; the ties that bound this affectionate family and church together before, seemed on this occasion to be so strengthened as to make them feel wholly of one heart and one mind.

Here Mr Pelham, entered the room, and said, "What do you find to scribble about so much, my daughter?" Cornelia, with much simplicity, related the engagement she had made with her cousins, and added, "I am now engaged in giving them an account of the first mission ever attempted among the Osages of the Arkansas."

Mr. Pelham. But, my child, you know there was a mission fitted out to the Osages of the Missouri, about the same time.

Cornelia. I do, Pa', but I feel confused when I attempt to think of the two different bands to whom the missions were sent. I wish you would throw some light upon the subject.

Mr. Pelham. They constituted one band about a hundred years ago, but with a view to more extensive settlements, or in consequence of the intrigues of rival traders, it was agreed in a great national council, that the band should divide, and one part move off to the Missouri, while the other should remain on the Arkansas river and the region around it. Those who moved to the Missouri, were sore pressed by the surrounding tribes, who did not feel inclined to cultivate their friendship; and finding themselves unhappy, they returned, by permission of the Arkansas band, under whose protection they put themselves, and settled upon an extensive plain, not far from the old establishment. It is supposed, that upon this occasion, those upon the Arkansas took the name of the *Great Osages*, and gave that of *Little Osages* to those who had returned. Although they are called by different names, yet in reality their habits and interests are the same.

At the present time, the Little Osages are considered the most skilful and bold in war, and the most dexterous and successful hunters.

Cornelia. This was what I wished to know; it has relieved me from much anxiety; for I felt very unwilling to send any account to the children, which was not perfectly

correct. I have one more question to propose. How many towns and inhabitants have the whole Osage tribe?

Mr. Pelham. In 1817, Gov. Clark stated that the Great Osages had three towns, containing in them all six thousand inhabitants; and the Little Osages two towns, in which were about two thousand souls. This number is constantly decreasing, on account of their wars, sickness, want of food, and the early death of many of their children; and is not now probably more than five thousand.

Cornelia. How is the principal Little Osage town situated?

Mr. Pelham. Upon the Neosho river, ninety miles above Union. I presume you know that there has been, and still continues to be much of jealousy and bad feeling between the two bands, and it was thought a very providential circumstance that originated a mission to the Little Osages so soon after one was sent to their brethren.

Cornelia. I thank you, Pa', for all this information.

She immediately communicated the substance of the above conversation to her cousins, and sent the letter to them in season for their next meeting.

LETTER V.

My dear Cousins,—In this letter I shall tell you about the second mission to the Osages.

The summer after the first mission left New York, Sans-Nerf the principal chief of the Missouri Osages, visited the city of Washington with his first counsellor and highest warrior, as a deputation to request government to establish schools in his nation, and to grant them the means of civilization. The wishes of the chief were communicated to the Rev. Dr. Worcester, at that time the Corresponding Secretary of the American Board of Foreign Missions, by Colonel McKerney, the superintendent of Indian trade.

After some deliberation it was thought best, if another mission was sent to the Osage people, that it should be done by the same society under whose patronage the first had been established. The Rev. Dr. Milledoler, Secretary of the United Foreign Missionary Society, was requested to repair immediately to the seat of government and make

the necessary arrangements with the Osage chiefs.

Soon after his arrival, Dr. Milledoler made an address to the chiefs, stating the good wishes which his Society cherished for him and his people,—their object in sending out persons who would teach them religion and the arts of civilized life, &c. To which Sans-Nerf replied as follows :—

“ *My Friend*,—You see I am not white like you ; I am red—but my heart is in the same place with your heart ; my blood is the same color as your blood ; my limbs are like your limbs ; I am an American.

“ *My Friend*,—I have heard your talk. When I go to my village, do you think my people will tell me to hold my tongue, or will shut their ears, when I tell them what you say ?

“ *My Friend*,—I told my brother, the superintendent of Indian trade, that I did not come on here for my pleasure, nor to see the country. I came to do business. What I have come for is most done. I am pleased, and when I tell my people what you say, they will be pleased.

“ *My Friend*,—I repeat it—I am pleased with what you say, and wish you to come soon. Come to my village.”

Several interviews took place after this, in one of which a sort of treaty or covenant was made between the chiefs and Dr. Milledoler in behalf of their nation, and the Society of which he was Secretary ; the purport of which was, that the United Foreign Missionary Society should send out a mission to the Osages of the Missouri as early as possible, to instruct them in the knowledge of true religion—to learn their young men agriculture and the mechanic arts, and their young women the use of the wheel, and loom, together with knitting, sewing, and all kinds of household matters, as practised by white people,—besides establishing schools in which all their young people and children might learn to read, write and attend to the higher branches of education, if the chiefs desired it. They also agreed for the Osages, to receive the instructions of the missionaries, to treat them kindly, to aid them in building houses for themselves and the children who should live with them to learn—to give them as much land as the missionaries should wish to cultivate for their own use ;

but they were restricted from purchasing or occupying any land, not assigned for their particular use by the Indians themselves.

The chief farther stipulated that the missionaries should never be driven from their station by any of his people ; that in case they did not like to retain them in the nation, they would either make the United Foreign Missionary Society acquainted with their wishes, or their great father the President of the United States.

After Dr. Milledoler returned to New York, and it was made public that arrangements were making for the outfit of a large mission family to the Osages of the Missouri, more than a hundred persons, both male and female, volunteered their services in this laborious and self-denying enterprize. Most gladly would they have broken away from the endearments of domestic life in the midst of polished and refined society, to brave the hardships and perils of the howling wilderness. But as the funds of the Society were not sufficient to send but a small part of those who willingly offered themselves to the work, the following persons were selected and went. The Rev. Mr. Dodge, of Vermont, was appointed superintendent, and Rev. Mr. Pixley,

of the same State, assistant, the Rev. Mr. Montgomery, of Pennsylvania, minister and teacher, Dr. Belcher, physician and surgeon. These gentlemen had wives. Besides these persons, there were Messrs. Austin, Seely, Jones, Newton, Bright, and Sprague, who were farmers, mechanics, and teachers, with their wives, and five unmarried ladies, named, Susan Comstock, Harriet Woolley, Mary Weller, Mary Etris, Eliza Howell. Among these families were sixteen children, making the whole mission family to contain forty-five souls. This company were collected in the city of New York early in March, 1821. On the fourth, there was a public meeting held on their account in the first Presbyterian Church, which was filled to overflowing a long time before the commencement of the exercises. The death of the Redeemer was commemorated, and it proved a melting season to his followers; other meetings of deep interest succeeded each other during the stay of the missionaries, at which the most enlivening and spirited addresses were made by distinguished clergymen of the three denominations which were united in the society, under whose patronage this mission was to be sent to the heathen. The day of their de-

parture, they received the instructions of the Board, &c. And after these services closed, a long procession formed and conducted the family to the wharf, and after joining their beloved friends in singing a farewell hymn, the most tender parting salutations were witnessed by thousands, who manifested by their emotion that it was a scene never to be forgotten. Before sunset they reached the Point at Elizabethtown, and found more carriages were collected than were necessary to convey the family to the town. Even the Governor with his lady came down to the Point to receive the missionaries, manifesting their regard to the sacred cause of missions. O what a charm does religion throw over rank and wealth ! and how endearing to the hearts of the people was the amiable and condescending deportment of Governor Williamson and his lady upon this occasion. They took tea with the mission family at the Rev. Dr. McDowell's and united in the religious services on that evening, and the next day, after joining in prayer and singing a farewell hymn in the midst of a vast concourse of people, accompanied the missionaries to Brunswick, where the party was met at the bridge by Col. Nelson, who received them under his care from

the hands of their honorable and pious friends from Elizabethtown.

It would take me too long, my dear cousins, to recount every instance of Christian courtesy and kindness these honored servants of the Lord Jesus experienced from the friends of the heathen, on the way to their "desert home;" but the instances I have already mentioned will give you a just idea of the reception they met from Christians at Trenton, Princeton, and Philadelphia. At the latter place, meetings similar to those in the cities and towns I have already mentioned were attended, and donations in money and necessary articles were made to a considerable amount. From Philadelphia they started for Pittsburgh in hired waggons, and reached that place in safety on the twenty-ninth of April.

I must now bid you adieu, hoping soon to write you again.

CORNELIA.

LETTER VI.

My dear Cousins,—I observed in my last, that the mission family had reached Pittsburg *in safety*. After spending more than a week

with Christian friends in that place, who cheered them with their conversation, prayers and hospitality, they embarked, April 11, on board two boats, deeply affected with the tender regard manifested for them by Christians of every name. In a letter to a friend, Mr. Pixley said, "We have been warned, exhorted, encouraged, and most affectionately bidden *God-speed*, with many tears, expressive both of joy and fear. I could not tell you, if I had time, what fervent prayers have ascended, and how many, whom we never saw before, have been dissolved in a flood of tears at our departure. It exceeds all description, and leaves us only a glowing remembrance of what cannot be expressed." It was a circumstance worthy of notice, that the very pilot who conducted the Union Mission down the river, the previous year, and the mission to Elliot, since that time, was engaged to conduct the present family down.

After the boats started, and the family were regulated, a school was opened for the children of the mission, and the business of the family, school, study, and of the boatmen, were conducted with as much regularity, as any establishment on shore could have been. The boats moved on pleasantly, and with as much rapidity as had been anticipated, until

the third of May, when one of the boats having been sometime ahead, fell back, requesting the other to come along side,—she did so, and heard the distressing intelligence, that one of the boatmen had fallen overboard, and was drowned. The shock was felt throughout the family, for the man had gained the confidence and esteem of the whole company.

He appeared to be a very pious man. This seemed to be the first heavy trial they had been called to experience ; but the same evening, Mrs. Newton, in the other boat, who had been unwell several days, became much worse, and her infant, a few days old, appeared to be dying of spasms. It continued but a day or two, and was interred at Mount Vernon, Indiana, and two days after, its mother's eyes were closed in death. When the boats arrived at Shawneetown, Dr. Belcher thought it best to carry Mrs. Newton on shore ; an eminent physician of that place was consulted, who agreed with him in thinking, that if it were possible anything would help her, it would be a removal. Accordingly, she was carried upon a bed to a large airy room a few rods from the river, but it produced no effect ; she was rational, calm and resigned ; felt herself upon the confines of eternity ; yet, was not in the least dismayed. Her confi-


dence in the Saviour remained unshaken, and she was happy to the last. Her death was so peaceful, that not a groan was heard, not a finger moved ; it was like the soft sleep of infancy. Mrs. Newton was very amiable and pleasant, and had won the affection of all connected with the mission in an unusual degree. Her friends were supported through this afflictive scene, though they could not restrain the tears that fell, as they bent over her lifeless form. She died on the morning of the sixth of May, and was entombed the evening of the same day ; a large number of strangers assembled to join in the funeral rites, and their tearful eyes testified the interest and sympathy they felt in view of the affecting providence.

The next day, the brethren of the mission built a wooden railing around the grave of their dear sister and friend, and immediately pursued their journey. On the ninth of May, they began to ascend the Mississippi, and with the greatest exertions, they were unable to proceed but a few miles ; some days they ascended seven, others, five and ten. Discouraging as were these circumstances, yet all preserved their fortitude and patience remarkably. In prosperity and adversity, the family seemed united and harmonious, which

was remarkable, considering it was made up of persons from nine different States, who had occupied widely different situations in the world, and but recently gathered together in the capacity of a family. The boats arrived at St. Louis, on the third of June, and an interview with Governor Clark was sought and obtained, by the superintendent, who presented the documents which government had forwarded to him. The next day, another interview was obtained with the governor, and Mr. Choteau, and his son, sub-agents for Indian affairs; the former gentleman had great influence with the Indians; his son had recently returned from the Osage country. Nearly half a day was spent in consultation upon subjects connected with the mission, especially in regard to its location. Governor Clark, and the Messrs. Choteaus appeared very friendly to the mission, and expressed a wish to render it all the assistance in their power.

At this place, they heard appalling rumors of wars, between the Cherokees, Delawares, Shawnees, and the Osages,—but trusting in the protecting power of their heavenly Master, they urged their way forward through such a variety of difficulties, that if I should stop to recount them all, it would occupy more

time than my other duties would allow. Suffice it to say, the missionaries had to contend with a flood tide almost the whole length of their passage up the Missouri and Osage rivers; all who are acquainted with the navigation of those rivers, under similar circumstances, know something of the attendant labors and perils, and no others can know them fully. But the Lord mercifully preserved their lives, and a greater measure of health than could reasonably have been anticipated; only one case of ague and fever had occurred, during the progress of the whole journey, which was almost five months. Some cases of bilious fever were rather obstinate, but none of them considered dangerous. The family entered the Osage river on the 29th of June. On the first Sabbath in July, they went on shore for divine worship, and the services of the day were performed under the shadow of a great rock, that projected far enough, to shelter a thousand persons from the burning rays of a summer's sun, or the furious peltings of a winter's storm. It was a calm, solemn and sweet Sabbath. In just a month from this day, the boats reached the mouth of the Little Osage river, and it was resolved, that some of the brethren should examine the country, select a site for the mission, and con-



fer with the Indians. On August the 2d, the family came to the trading establishment of Mr. Choteau, the sub-agent, whom they met at St. Louis. A most delightful, elevated country opened before them ; here they found a few natives who manifested pleasure, when they learned who the missionaries were, and became acquainted with their object. The people generally, were absent upon their summer hunt ; but the superintendent immediately dispatched a messenger to acquaint them with their arrival, and to request them to call a council as early as possible. The brethren to whom the task of choosing a station was assigned, returned from their examination of the banks of the Little Osage, and it was thought best to go up nearer the United States factory, and look out a place.

At that place, they met Mr. Williams, the appointed interpreter of the factory, and having found a spot which combined many important advantages, and having been informed that was the place selected for them by the chiefs, previous to their arrival, they did not hesitate to commence operations, without waiting for the expected council, or the return of their messenger. When the chiefs and people returned, and were met in council, they approved the choice of a station

made by the missionaries, and satisfied with the papers read to them from the officers of the United States' government. The chiefs pointed out the tract of land to be appropriated to the use of the mission, which was supposed to contain nearly fifteen thousand acres.

The station is situated upon the north bank of a branch of the Osage river, called *Marais des Cygnes*, one mile from the United States' factory, or trading house, and about fifteen or twenty miles from the place where the Osage villages then were.

I must postpone any farther account this evening.

Ever yours,

CORNELIA.

LETTER VII.

My dear cousin D—,—The missionaries felt very grateful, when they discovered a fine mill seat upon the tract of land assigned them, and plenty of good timber, lime-stone and coal. With joy they left their floating habitations, and pitched their tents upon the spot, afterwards called Harmony, in which they lived until they erected cabins. The weather proved uncommonly wet; heavy rains succeeded each other, and the family were great

sufferers ; the ague and fever made such rapid advances, that, in a few weeks, every member of the family had been more or less afflicted by it. For three months, there were seldom more than four or five grown persons able to attend to ordinary business. Dr. Belcher was numbered with those who were very seriously sick.

When the medicine chests were opened, it was found that there was not a large supply of Peruvian bark, and it was ascertained at an early period, that bark was the only efficacious remedy ; while that on hand lasted, it was used with success in every instance ; but after their store was exhausted, those persons who had begun to recover, relapsed, and a dreadful scene followed. The excellent Mrs. Montgomery had been sick of this disease some time, before the birth of her child, and after that event, she suddenly sunk down into the arms of death ; the infant survived but a few hours, and both were laid in the same grave. But she died the death of the righteous, and her end was peace. The missionaries felt this bereavement most sensibly ; but their faith did not faint ; they cast themselves anew upon the mercy and faithfulness of God, and fervently implored that this chastisement might be sanctified to their increasing fidelity and

usefulness among the heathen. Their tears had scarcely ceased to flow over the remains of this beloved sister, before the fountain of grief was again opened by the death of one of the children of the superintendent, an infant of Mrs. Seeley, and one about the same age of Dr. and Mrs. Belcher; these deaths were soon followed by that of Mr. Seeley, who was attacked with a kind of pleurisy, which, with a violent cough, soon brought him to the grave. Thus, before the close of November, less than four months after the family landed, six of their number lay silent in the "narrow house." The first cabin was not in a habitable state, until the latter part of October. But in these days of darkness and sorrow, this suffering family was not forgotten of their Heavenly Father—workmen, from the settlements below, came to their assistance; and before the year ended, they had erected ten cabins, each sixteen feet square, with good floors and chimneys. A person had been sent to Franklin for a supply of Peruvian bark, which, with the blessing of God, soon restored the whole family to health. I mention this circumstance, that you may lay in a good stock of Peruvian bark, if you should ever go on a mission to the south-western Indians, or migrate into the western states, as I suppose

thousands of those who are now members of our Sabbath schools will do. After the restoration of health in the family, the missionary improvements and preparations were pushed forward with diligence and vigor.

A spacious kitchen and dining-hall, a large blacksmith's shop, and several other necessary buildings were completed in January. Early in that month, a school was opened for the native children of both sexes, and taught by the Rev. Mr. Montgomery and Miss Comstock. In a few days, fifteen were added to the two with whom the school commenced; one of the scholars was a youth of eighteen or twenty, who had a wife, and a mother, whose united influence was exerted in vain, to withdraw him from the school. Sans-Nerf brought two of his grand-children, both lads, one about thirteen, the other seven years of age. The eldest was *heir apparent* to the government of the Osage nation.

White Hair was the reigning chief, at that time. About thirty years ago, a venerable chief of that name, with a considerable number of his counsellors and warriors, visited the city of New York, and while there, an elegant Bible was presented to him by the New York Missionary Society, which he preserved with great care, and set a high value upon it,

although it is probable that he died totally ignorant of its contents; however, when he died, this Bible and his tomahawk were deposited with him in the grave.

As winter approached, the weather was found to be extremely cold, the snow falling several inches; more than once the thermometer fell below zero; at the same time, the journals of the mission record the fact, that in January, they ploughed a very extensive garden, and fields for corn, &c.

Perhaps you will charge me with giving contradictory accounts, to tell of ploughing in January, after saying the thermometer fell below zero; but, my dear cousins, both were true,—sometimes the weather was excessively cold, then suddenly followed by pleasant warm days. The garden and fields I have mentioned, were frozen to the depth of twelve or fourteen inches; but on the surface, so soft and dry, as to be ploughed with as much ease as at any other season, while the pleasant weather lasted, though perhaps the work would be stopped within three days, by another hard freeze.

It looks remarkable to us, that in that country, where more flannel is required to keep people comfortable than in New England, all the cattle and horses can subsist

without shelter or forage, except what they gather themselves; and in the spring, have more flesh, and appear more smooth and beautiful than in the eastern states, under the most favorable circumstances. Yet I have read statements from the best authorities, that such is the truth. I will just add for your brothers benefit, if they should ever turn into western farmers, and settle in the Osage country, they must take out stronger ploughs than the missionaries did, for theirs were soon broken in pieces by the strong roots of the *prairie grass*, which grows from six to nine feet high, and makes travelling through it, as difficult and laborious, as it would be to travel through a level snow ten or twelve inches deep.

Remember me kindly to all inquiring friends.

CORNELIA.

LETTER VIII.

My dear Cousins,—You express a wish to know the exact situation of the Osage country. The Osage Indians possessed both sides of the Neosho or Grand river, from its mouth to its source, until they sold it to the U

States. You will find their country now, by looking on your map west of the southern part of the State of Missouri ; according to a treaty made a few years ago, their lands extended westward to the Mexican territory. So many changes have taken place with regard to the location of different tribes within a few years, it seems a difficult matter to ascertain the spot occupied by any one of them for only a short period. I think the missionaries journeyed about twenty-five hundred miles from New York.

Governor Miller visited many parts of the Osage country in 1820, and carried home many natural curiosities, which it would be very amusing to examine. Among other things he took a specimen of salt which he found upon a *salt prairie*, he said the ground was covered for many miles with a crust of pure, white chrystalized salt to the depth of four and six inches, and that blocks of it can be taken off that will measure a foot square. If you attempt to go to this place from the "Post," you will find it thirteen hundred miles by the course of the river, but as I said before, not much over six hundred miles by land. A branch of the Arkansas passes through this prairie, and whenever it overflows its banks the water of the river becomes

too salt to drink. About a hundred and fifty miles from this place there is a mountain, out of which issues a spring, the water of which is as hot as that used by a *butcher* in dressing swine. The governor received a present from the Indians of eight horses, the skins of a *wild hog* and a *badger*. He obtained two frogs with horns, and kept one of them alive more than three weeks; they laid more than twenty little white eggs about as large as a bean, and then died. He carefully preserved them in spirits, to show them to his friends by whom they were considered a great curiosity. Andrew would be delighted, if he could secure them, to put in his cabinet of curiosities.

If you will excuse this long digression, I will hasten to inform you that the mission at Harmony prospered in their religious and secular concerns through the winter of 1821-22. They did not organize themselves into a regular church until March, upon that occasion, they celebrated the dying love of the Lord Jesus, and it was *owned* of him for their quickening and growth in grace.

The unhappy war existing between the Osages and Cherokees of the Arkansas, was a serious impediment to the operations of the mission schools, both at Harmony and Union.

Yet, as Union was nearest to the Cherokee settlement, that station was more affected by the war, than the one at Harmony.

Soon after the joyful tidings were received that other missionaries had arrived among the Osages, the Rev. Mr. Chapman, from Union, made them a friendly visit, hoping in some way to obtain assistance in the acquisition of the native language, for they could not find an interpreter able to aid them in imparting religious instruction. You can scarcely conceive the poverty of the Osage language, it being almost entirely destitute of words by which to convey moral sentiments. However, with the assistance of Mr. Williams, interpreter for the United States at their trading-house, in addition to other helps, Mr. Chapman finished a dictionary, and the most difficult parts of a grammar, before the close of the year. The dictionary contained about two thousand words.

Agreeably to the wishes of cousins Tatbot and Jerome, and the lads belonging to your society, I will in my next give them a further account of the progress of the war.

Ever yours,

CORNELIA.

LETTER IX.

Dear Jerome,—As you take so much pleasure in hearing about wars, battles, and victories, I will address this warlike epistle to you, hoping it will not increase your taste for military prowess. You will recollect I have already mentioned some skirmishes which took place immediately after the arrival of the missionaries. At that time the hope was cherished that a peace would soon be made, but the issue proved that hope a delusive one. Clamore proposed an armistice for three months, which was accepted by the Cherokees, and the Osage chief with his party set off for a hunt. Soon after the departure of the Osages, a party of Cherokees passed about fifteen miles above the Union mission, and fell upon a man that had been adopted by the Osages, of whom they were very fond. His father was a Frenchman, and his mother a Pawnee Indian. After murdering this unoffending and unsuspecting man, and frightening his family into the woods, the victors carried off the poor man's scalp in triumph, went down to the village near Dwight, in the Arkansas country, and rent the air with their

acquaintance of the Osage. The latter, who proposed to be the first to enter the country, who would be the refuge and victual for the it speedily. But Major Smith, and the other Smith, visited them, and after some delay, from their burning grooves, and anxious desires of bringing the war to a close, after much deliberation and many trials, Mr. Bradford proposed that the Osage should submit to the white government, and the interested party, who should have a treaty that would ensure lasting peace. This proposition was readily assented to by Clamore and his people, and the Osage and the Cheyennes would gladly agree to the terms. The Osages set off upon another march. But instead of complying with the terms proposed to by Clamore, the Cheyennes rejected every overture, pursued after their enemies came to their encampment, killed and took prisoners about one hundred. A few were taken but they were pursued a part of the day and all who were overtaken fell a sacrifice to the relentless fury of their foes.

At the time of this disaster, most of the Osage warriors were absent, and the women and children, being in a defenceless state, were murdered in the most shocking manner.

The poor Osages, in fleeing for their lives, lost their horses, skins, meat, and vessels to eat and cook in. They returned home poor and dejected. The chief who had placed his little children in the Union mission school came trembling, as he inquired whether the enemy had destroyed or spared them. When the little creatures appeared, healthy and playful, their father tenderly kissed them, saying, "I am satisfied; you are better off than if you had been with the Osages." When this man went to his people and told them how happy his children were, and how fast they were learning, Clamore sighed, and said, "I wish the war was over, that I might send my children there also." Some of the Osage chiefs thought Major Bradford could have restrained the Cherokees, and felt rather unfriendly towards that officer for a little time, but they were mistaken. Every thing that was in the power of the Governor and Major Bradford to do, was done to prevent the bloody warfare.

After months of anxiety and suspense on the part of the missionaries, another attempt to make peace between the hostile nations was made, and through the intervention of the national government a council of the chiefs and warriors of both tribes was held.

at the garrison. The discussions were continued ten or twelve days, and terminated in an amicable adjustment of all difficulties, and it was hoped the foundation for a permanent peace was laid. The prisoners were to be restored to their respective people without injury. Among the captives in possession of the Cherokees were Lydia Carter, the little Osage captive, and her brother, of whom I gave you an account in one of our little meetings in the bower, last summer.

The treaty was not very pleasing to the Osages; but they were so worn down with the fatigue and losses they had sustained during the war, that they welcomed peace, though it was not obtained upon quite so easy terms as they wished.

The school increased after the agitations occasioned by the war ceased, and Tally, an influential chief, brought his son, whom the missionaries named Philip Milledoler. In little more than a week his mother visited him. She was expecting to accompany her husband upon a long hunt in a few days. She gave him good counsel, exhorting him to be obedient and contented. Her husband had many misgivings about leaving him, on account of the ridicule and reproach his people cast upon him for suffering his son to be

brought up a "*white man*." A fine boy came with him who wished to be left, and after much hesitation, Tally concluded to go to the hunt, and leave both the boys at school. At parting, he charged the missionaries not to make the boys "half Osage, but to make them white men wholly ;—to give them a full dress,—to take off their hum-pass (moccasins) and put on stockings and shoes." He said, "I want to see them dressed before I leave you, so that I may not weep when I am on my hunt." The boys were soon dressed in a complete English suit, and presented to the delighted chief, who expressed entire satisfaction, and left them cheerful and happy.

I will close with desiring kind remembrance to all friends,
CORNELIA.

LETTER X.

My dear Cousins,—Soon after the return of the chief Tally, from his hunt, he visited the mission family, having heard very unfavorable accounts of their treatment of his boys. After attending to a full explanation of the principles and plans of the mission and school, he appeared satisfied, acknowledging

that the missionaries knew more than he did. He intended to go home on the Sabbath, but when his son was apprised of it, he said to him, "To-morrow is the Sabbath, we are scarcely allowed to go out of doors, and think you to ride home?" Tally immediately concluded to remain till Monday. Upon the Sabbath he seemed to feel some surprise and curiosity as he witnessed the exercises of the Sabbath school, which had been attended by the hired men and children, from the commencement of the mission, as well as the native children, after they entered the school. Great pains were taken on that day to give the chief some correct notions of the one living and true God, but his mind seemed enveloped with thick darkness; however, he, with many other natives, occasionally came to the mission house afterwards, and listened to religious instruction.

Things now began to assume a more cheering aspect—the farm was in good order, almost a hundred acres enclosed, and extensive corn-fields promised an abundant harvest—the grist and saw mill was in full operation—a school-house and other buildings were completed, and they could count upon their plantation a hundred head of cattle.

The missionaries had in a good degree

won the confidence of the chiefs, who proposed to remove nearer to the station, that they might derive benefit from the school, and receive some help and instruction in agriculture. O what a busy time it was, when they pulled down their houses, and piled them upon their horses, some of which carried a house, the children, and all the furniture at a load! If Fanny says, "What a story!" tell her she must remember that I told you their houses were built of poles, matting, and skins, and their furniture consisted of one or two wooden bowls, as many horn spoons, and an iron pot or kettle. When they were settled they begged the missionary farmers to come and plough them a field. They readily complied, and took a four horse team, and ploughed two or three acres. Even the king, White-Hair, was the first in the field with his rake, with which he removed the rubbish. His example of industry was of great value, as before the Indians felt it very degrading to cultivate the soil, thinking it was labor suited only to the condition of slaves. Afterwards the Indians took hold of work, and soon asked to be employed upon the mission farm. The change in the sentiments of a few leading men respecting work had a happy effect upon the boys in school, who previously

had manifested great reluctance to engage in any kind of labor. One of the boys, a fine lad, soon became proud of his skill in work, and actually performed more labor than some of the hired men. To us, these facts may not look very important, but if we, in imagination, place ourselves in the circumstances of the missionaries, we shall find them to have been of great consequence.

In their most prosperous seasons, events frequently occurred which called up the most painful feelings. I will mention one or two facts by way of illustration.

A party of Indians from the Joway tribe came down upon the Osages to plunder cattle and horses,—they were discovered, pursued, and overtaken,—a battle ensued, some on both sides were slain, the Osages recovered their stolen horses and returned in triumph. What think you must have been the feelings of the missionaries when they saw the people, for whose temporal and eternal welfare they had sacrificed all the refinement, and most of the endearments of social, civilized life, bearing before them a leg, arm, ear, hand, or scalp of their enemies, as trophies of their victory? I almost shudder as I describe these scenes of horror, and imagine I hear you exclaim, “O cousin, do not tell any more

such bloody and cruel stories." I will finish this letter with something more pleasing. Several gentlemen of distinction, some pious, and all friendly to the missionary cause, in journeying through the Osage country, made visits and calls at the stations; among the guests were Gen. Gaines, who visited Brainerd with his lady, and Pres. Monroe, Gen. Atkinson, and Col. Wool of the United States' army, and Col. Boon, and Col. Logan, Commissioners from the Legislature of Missouri, to select a place for the permanent seat of the government. I presume these visits were to the mission family seasons of peculiar refreshment and delight.

In addition to all this, the Rev. Mr. Alexander, a missionary from Missouri, visited them, and was instrumental of reviving their almost fainting souls. The missionaries at Dwight, in the Arkansas Cherokee country, met the missionaries among the Osages at Union, and held a ministerial meeting of several days. After this season of consultation and prayer, the missionaries returned to their several posts, refreshed in soul, and strengthened in body; resuming their labors for the salvation of the heathen with stronger faith, and more heavenly zeal.

All these visitors were pleased with the

local situation and improvements of the station, and the appearance and progress of the scholars.

Ever yours, CORNELIA.

LETTER XI.

Dear Delia,—In this letter I shall attempt to relate some events that brought a dark cloud over the mission for a time. The United States' factory, or trading house, had been established with a view to protect the poor Indian from the fraud and oppression of unprincipled white men, who usually hover around the borders of the Indian tribes in the character of traders, carrying with them intemperance and pollution, and marking their whole course with desolation. These evils had in a good degree been prevented among the Osages, by the kind interference of the National Government, and why Congress should abolish the factory system, I do not know; but the fact was, that as soon as the restraints of that system were removed, the Osages were thronged with traders, who held out to them every inducement to remove sixty or seventy miles from the missionary station

at Harmony, and the effects of their success were immediately felt in the school; most of the families who followed the advice of the traders were unwilling to leave their children in the school. Those scholars who were removed by parental authority, obeyed with reluctance. One little girl was bathed in tears, and after she had been carried some distance, intreated her mother to let her go back for her books, saying, "I wish still to read, though I am not permitted to continue in school." Although many children left school, and a considerable number of the Osages left that part of the country, other scholars applied for admission, and prosperity was again restored to the school, and the confidence of those natives who remained, continued unshaken.

The anxiety of the missionaries to acquire the language, induced them to go repeatedly to the Indian villages, and remain for weeks, conforming entirely to the native mode of living, and the Rev. Mr. Pixley continued with them at one time, several months, followed them to the hunting ground, eating or fasting, according to the fortune of the chase. Sometimes the ladies accompanied their husbands to the Indian encampments to learn the language, but they found the habits and manners of the people more disgusting, after they

saw them in their own lodges day after day, than when they saw them occasionally at the mission house as visitors. How they could endure to see them devouring the entrails of wild beasts, I do not know; but they saw so many other customs, if possible more filthy, that I suppose they became, gradually, almost insensible to some things, which greatly shocked their feelings at first. They must have felt strong desires to obtain the children, after they had tried the experiment, and found the little creatures which were placed under their care, so obedient and docile. It was truly surprising to see how rapidly the little girls learned to read, write and sew; the ladies who instructed them, kept an account of the number of yards they sewed and hemmed, and the number of days they worked in the kitchen, and at the quarterly examinations these reports were read before the mission family, and any Osage company that happened to be present. It must look very strange to you, that the Osages should refuse to give up their children to the missionaries who would feed and clothe, as well as school them for nothing, when the poor things were running wild in the cold winter weather, with only a bit of an old tattered blanket tied about their necks, and many of them perfectly naked; but

they were in utter ignorance of the worth of learning, and knew nothing of the comforts connected with civilization, and it sometimes seemed to the missionaries, that they never would learn to serve and obey God, or help themselves.

When the grist-mill began to run, you would have laughed, could you have seen the wonder of the Indians in view of the rapid motion of the wheels; one of them exclaimed, with a mixture of fear and astonishment, "Wah-cun-do-ka!" which signifies supernatural, or divine; one of the school-boys said, "no, Mr. Austin made the mill, and the water turns it, therefore it is not divine." So you see, their thoughts can be directed into the right channel, and they are capable of being enlightened if they could only be brought under the means of grace and instruction.

The mill was a great benefit to the natives as well as the mission, for before their corn was ground, the poor women were obliged to pound it; and afterwards they had to carry back-loads of corn to be ground, and to convey the meal home in the same way. But they are trained up to drudgery from infancy; indeed, their whole lives are one course of servitude and debasement.

To give you a specimen of the wickedness

and cruelty of an Osage mother, I will tell you how one of them cast off a tender infant upon an open prairie to die, soon after its birth. Mr. Chapman hearing of it, sent for it, and it was immediately brought to him; thus by a singular providence, the life of this forsaken babe was preserved.

What Christian parent or child, who hears of such heathenish cruelty, will cease to pray for the extension of Christ's kingdom over all pagan lands? And can there be an individual in our Sabbath schools, who does not desire to aid in furnishing every tribe of Indians in this country with Bibles, missionaries, teachers and schools? I hope not, and rejoice that societies are daily forming among the members of Sabbath schools and Bible classes, to impart the blessings of the gospel to the ignorant and destitute in this, and foreign countries.

Affectionately yours, CORNELIA.

LETTER XII.

My dear Cousins,—Although I have written you eleven letters about the mission to the Osages, yet I have only brought down its history to the close of the year 1822. At both

stations the family observed religiously the first day of January, 1823, and prayed most fervently that they might see the truths of the Bible producing greater effects upon the scholars and the people, than they had yet seen ; and before the month closed they hoped a spirit of religious inquiry had commenced among a few of the Indians, and in one or two instances among the scholars. Prejudices appeared to give way, and four boys and one girl were added to the school at Union ; two of the boys were twins of nine years old, uncommonly promising. A young chief named Moi-reh Per-sha, resolved to break away from native habits, and follow the example of white men. He came to the missionaries and offered to work for them ; they employed him on the farm, and gave him half a dollar a day. Six men and two boys soon made a similar application, and performed their work well. In March, the establishment was surrounded with multitudes of Indians on their way to a bear hunt, east of the Neosho or Grand river. Among them was Tally's son, who had left school some time previously, promising to return soon. He went into the house, and showed that he could read quite as well as when he left school, but gave them to understand that he thought it better to be a

hunter and warrior than a scholar. When they took up their line of march the next morning, in single file, it was a solemn sight. The hunters led the way, followed by the women and children; the pack-horses brought up the rear. The procession extended two miles. On the great buffalo hunt, they march in two columns, from six to ten miles long.

The mission family at Union, finding it inconvenient to accommodate so many Osage visitors as favored them with their company, built a comfortable lodge on their premises, in which the native women often staid long enough to learn to sew. The ladies of the mission took much pains with them, and it was a gratifying sight to see nine patch-work bedquilts spread forth, which had been pieced together by Osage women and little girls. In April, Joseph Swiss, a Frenchman, with an Osage wife, brought their three little boys to school, named Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob. The parents wished to be employed by the missionaries, and being industrious people and their help needful, they remained. About this time, the family were short of materials for making any kind of bread, and Mr. Chapman went down to the Indian village and purchased nineteen bags of corn, which were

piled upon four horses, which were put under the care of Tally's wife. She led or drove the beasts to Union, walking most of the way with a child upon her back. When the poor woman arrived, she was almost exhausted with fatigue. After resting a day or two, she went home, leaving a little daughter at school about eight years old, who had followed her mother to the station. The missionaries gave her the name of Margaret Milledoler. The same week, Moi-reh Per-sha placed his little boy, only six years old, at school, and he received the name of Matthew Noyes.

In the month of May, Clamore, with nearly two thousand of his people, called at Union on their hunting expedition. Their object was to request the missionaries to take care of their property, which they wished to leave with them during their absence. It would be natural that some of this company would do much mischief, but Clamore preserved order, and restrained them from acts of violence. Some time after the hunting party passed on, a little child, about fifteen months old, was found near the mission, bearing marks of cruel usage. It was adopted by one of the young ladies of the mission, and called Theodocia. About this time, there happened a total eclipse of the moon, which greatly distressed and

alarmed the natives, who said, "The moon is dead—the moon is dead." Like other superstitious people, the Osages believe an eclipse to be ominous of evil.

I am not at all surprised at the inquiries made by some of the large boys belonging to your society, and it gives me pleasure to be able to answer them. You may say to them that the Indians do not eat all the game they take,—that it is not supposed they eat more than four-fifths of the deer they kill. The skins are of great value to them, and having secured these, the bodies are left for the wolves to devour, and it is much the same with the buffalo; they are hunted for their tongues, and skins, of which they manufacture robes, and sell them to the fur traders. The tongues are esteemed a great luxury. If I should tell you how many thousands of these robes are made and sold in a year by the Osages, and other more distant tribes, you would be astonished that there were any buffaloes to be found within hundreds of miles.

Some of their most skilful hunters will kill nearly a hundred deer in five or six weeks. If they do not become civilized before many years, the game will become so scarce that they must waste away in the wilderness, and perish from want.

In my next I will give you a sample of the trials to which the missionaries were exposed, when they followed the Indians in their hunting expeditions, in the hope of more rapid advancement in the knowledge of the language.

Yours, CORNELIA.

LETTER XIII.

Dear Delia,—Once when the Indians were going out upon a bear hunt, the Rev. Mr. Pixley went with them. They started from the station on Saturday morning, in the midst of a storm of hail and rain. When the night overtook them, their situation to us would have been frightful; the ground was covered with ice, and of course, it was not a trifling labor to kindle a fire and prepare food. However, Mr. Pixley thought he might have had a tolerable night, as he had two blankets to lay upon, and one to spread over him to keep off the hail and rain, if it had not been for the dogs, who, to use his own words, “contended for their share of the fire and blankets with a zeal not to be controlled. They were continually walking over me, or lying upon me, and no whipping would drive them from their

purpose." Night after night he passed with no other bed or shelter than his three blankets afforded him, and his food *unsalted meat*, boiled, without bread or vegetables, except every day or two they had a little *boiled corn*. When they started in the morning, he knew not where he was going; and while the weather was the coldest, the Indians were not disposed to converse much, and sometimes it seemed as if his labor was almost lost in following them.

About a week after they started, Mr. Pixley said in his letter, when speaking of the continuance of extreme cold weather, "But cold as it is, the Indian boys dive into the water like so many ducks. We have abundance of turkeys and deer, but shall move forward again this morning, not having found any *bears*, which is the great object of the hunt." One night an Indian was suddenly seized with the cramp or a strong convulsion fit. "His wife laughed heartily and said he had got the *wah-kun-dok-a*, was under the influence of the Spirit, or, as some call it, he had got the *power*. His fists were clenched, his jaws set, and his arms and legs as stiff as though they had been pieces of wood of the same size. Yet all they did was to hold him in his paroxysms, lest he should injure him-

self; and to fire off a few guns to break the spell that was supposed to be upon him." The next day the man appeared in perfect health, and went to the hunt in as good spirits as ever. In this expedition they wandered to the head waters of the Illinois river, and found the country poor and rough, with the exception of narrow strips bordering streams of water, and little wood, but stunted dwarf-oak and yellow pine; altogether unfit for cultivation. After Mr. Pixley had been absent from his family several weeks, he said he began to feel the want of bread and salt, though his health did not suffer, even from the slightest cold, during the expedition; and his mind was kept in peace in the midst of his greatest privations.

In a letter to his wife he said, "If one poor missionary ever suffered, above all others, from fire without being burned, from cold without being frozen, from smoke without being suffocated, and from filth and dirt without being poisoned, I may be permitted, after the experience of the last two days, to claim that distinction." The whole party were obliged to return home, having obtained but very few bears, which was a sad disappointment; for even to Indians, dried buffalo and deer meat, without the fat of bear, is esteemed but *dry*

living. I think you would like to know in what manner the Indians preserve their meat to bring home from their hunting ground.

The women cut the flesh of the animals to be preserved in strips, and plait them with bark in a kind of basket-work, and having let it hang upon poles over a slow fire till heated through, they lay it on the ground and stamp on it till they think it tender enough; after which they keep it near the fire till it is well dried.

While out with the Indians, Mr. Pixley imparted to them all the religious instruction his imperfect knowledge of the language would allow. One evening the chief, under whose particular guardianship he was, and whom he called his host, proposed a variety of questions to him, which it was painful to feel himself unable to answer as fully as he desired. I will send you a few of them. "What made the sun turn dark in the middle of the day? (alluding to the eclipse I mentioned.) What makes white men so anxious to get money? Why do the whites make the negroes slaves? Who made men? How was the woman made? What land is beyond the American? What beyond that?" &c.

Do you not pity them, Delia? I trust you do, and that all who enjoy the privileges of

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Christian instruction at home or in the Sabbath school, will learn more highly to value it, and feel more anxious to improve, themselves, and to practise greater self-denial, to possess the means of sending the blessing of gospel instruction to this far distant and dark-minded tribe, for having heard their sad state described. Does it seem possible that there can be found professing Christians, who, after hearing of the wretchedness and misery of heathen Indians, can refrain from praying for their conversion, and giving liberally for the support of devoted missionaries, who cheerfully endure the privations I have partially described, for the sake of their hearing the wonderful revelations of God in their own tongue? Strange and cruel as it must appear, yet if there were not some such in this country, would the missionary cause languish as it now does, for want of funds to enlarge and prosecute the missions already established, in the best manner? I cannot bear the thought that some of the schools among the heathen Indians must be stopped, and the dear children who have begun to adopt the manners and habits of Christian society, should be allowed to wander back in the dark and crooked paths trod by their forefathers; and yet I do not see how it can be prevented, un-

less the teachers and pupils in our Sabbath schools, joined by their parents and friends, rise up together, and unite their prayers, alms and influence, to support them. Almost every week, my heart has been cheered, of late, by hearing of one Sabbath school after another forming associations to send the gospel to the heathen—to purchase tracts for the destitute—to benefit the long neglected mariner—to suppress intemperance—to furnish Sabbath school libraries in the beautiful valley of the Mississippi—to enlighten and bless every family in the land with a copy of the Holy Bible, or to join in promoting some other work of mercy and love. Indeed, my dear cousins, I am sometimes inclined to believe, that the conversion of the whole world is far more intimately connected with the Sabbath school system, than is generally apprehended by the church. However *little*, in their own eyes, the teachers and scholars may look, yet in the sight of some of our wisest and best men, they appear like *standard bearers* in the army of King Immanuel.

That you and I, my beloved cousins, may prove ourselves worthy teachers and scholars in the Sabbath school, is the sincere prayer of your affectionate friend,

CORNELIA.

LETTER XIV.

My dear Cousins,—I have now presented to your view the most prominent events connected with the Osage mission, till the first of January, 1824. The communion season that month was one to be remembered at Union, on account of receiving their first convert into the church. His name was George Douglas, a promising young man, of good talents and great influence with his companions. He had been employed at the station a considerable time, and having given abundant evidence of sincere attachment to the cause of Christ, the family felt for him very strong affection. The health of the family had been better the past, than the preceding year, although many of their number had been laid upon beds of pain and languishment; yet with the exception of one hired man, all were preserved alive. It is not thought the repeated sicknesses of the missionaries were owing to the unhealthiness of the country. It was supposed that the change in their habits and diet was the occasion of a great part of it. Notwithstanding there had been many depredations committed upon the Osages by the hostile tribes in the neighbor-

hood, and private revenge occasionally taken, yet on the whole, the prospects of permanent peace seemed fairer than at any previous period in the history of the mission. The commanding officer at Fort Smith received instructions to remove the garrison to a place not more than half a day's ride from the Union station. At that time few things could have been more gratifying to the missionaries, as the design of the removal was to check the excesses of the Osages and preserve order and peace between them and neighboring nations.

I will mention other prominent events of this year, in as brief a manner as I can. Moireh Per-sha, and several other Indians, had given the missionaries such evidence of their capacity and willingness to labor, that it was thought desirable to form a native settlement as early as possible. After consultation with some of the most respectable Indians, they were desired to select a spot agreeable to themselves; which they did immediately, choosing a site upon the opposite side of the river, about four miles from Union. The situation was pleasant, and the soil a fine mellow loam; in the vicinity were several salt licks, or springs. A field for each settler was measured off, back from the river, and a cabin erected in front of it, overlooking the stream.

Rev. Mr. Chapman, Mrs. Chapman, and Mr. William C. Requa, who had married Miss Comstock, were appointed to remove from Union, and settle with the Indians at Hopefield, the name given to the new station.—The building, ploughing, &c. proceeded very prosperously. The interpreter, and Mr. Montgomery, went to reside with Mr. Chapman for a time, the better to pursue the study of the language.

Mr. Montgomery labored several months, in translating sermons and prayers, into Osage, with the help of the interpreter, and then returned to Harmony.

The Indians had a fine crop at Hopefield, and in August they loaded a canoe with melons and green corn, carried them down to the garrison, and sold them at a fair price; then returned highly gratified with their success, and when they showed their people the money they obtained for their produce, they began to feel less chagrin, when laughed at by their *wild brethren*, for working like slaves. In his journey, Paw-hunk-shaw, the first Osage, probably, that ever went to market with the produce of a farm, met an old friend, named Black Fox, a Cherokee, who entreated him to persevere in his agricultural pursuits—to be sure and educate his children, and take

heed to the advice of the missionaries, for they were true friends to the Indians; he then showed him the clothes he wore, telling him they were spun and wove in his own house, and expressed the hope that Paw-hunk-shaw's wife would soon learn to make him clothes. To some people this might seem a very trifling incident, but to the mission family it was a subject for devout thanksgiving. In August, the native settlers suffered a good deal from sickness, and Dr. Palmer had occasion to visit them often. He was successful in every case but one. The wife of Les-sa-mai-neh died, and was buried in a Christian manner. Her husband and relatives abstained from all the usual heathenish customs, except painting her face; they could not be persuaded to omit that, fearing it would never be known in the other world, to what particular clan she belonged. They suffered her to be laid in a coffin, and borne to the grave upon a bier, followed by all the people at the settlement in perfect order, and listened to the prayer and address at the grave, with apparent seriousness.

About a fortnight after this, the family at Union received a very friendly visit from several of the officers of the garrison, accompanied by two lawyers belonging to the Ar-

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kansas Territory, and several other gentlemen, besides the Government Agent. We cannot very readily enter into the joyful feelings of the missionaries upon this occasion, but if we consider what a fickle, treacherous, and blood-thirsty tribe the Osages are, we shall cease to wonder at the gratitude felt and expressed when the Fort was removed to their neighborhood, the officers of which were kind, and some of them particularly friendly.

At one time there were hundreds of soldiers, and other persons connected with the garrison, without a chaplain to visit the sick, to attend funerals, or comfort the bereaved.

I am astonished that the public can rest satisfied, while the whole military establishment of the country is destitute of the customary means of moral and religious instruction. I think there will be a change in these things when our Congress is composed of men who are now scholars in the Sabbath school. You may smile, Talbot, but I expect to see the day when Congress will feel that the military and marine establishments, would be no more filled without chaplains, than without Commodores and Generals.

Love to uncle, aunt, and cousins, from
your affectionate

CORNELIA.

LETTER XV.

Dear Delia,—When the missionaries at Harmony witnessed the happy results of the settlement at Hopefield, they inquired into the personal feelings of some of the most friendly Indians in their country, and found a few willing to form a distant settlement, which, after much deliberation, was established on the Grand River, seventy miles southwest from Harmony, and called Neosho. The Rev. Mr. Pixley, with his family, and Mr. Bright, went to assist the Indians in their first attempts at farming. Mr. Pixley left Harmony for Neosho, in September. The house of a trader was vacant at the time, so that the mission was at no expense in preparing a habitation for their missionary. The principal village of the Missouri, was in the neighborhood of Neosho.

This station was ninety miles from Union; you will recollect I observed it was seventy from Harmony. September seemed fraught with interesting events to both stations. A nephew, and one more distant relation of the chief, Tally, after having been removed and brought back to the mission

school several times, obtained the final consent of their relations to leave their country and friends, and journey to New England to finish their education at the Foreign Mission School at Cornwall, Conn. These lads, named Stephen Van Rensselaer and Robert Monroe, set out from Union accompanied by Mr. G. Douglas, (the first fruits of the mission,) on the twenty-third of September, after being commended to their heavenly protector with many prayers and tears. It was during this eventful month, that the first movements were made towards forming something like civil government. Before the year closed the plan was so far matured as to have appointed a national council, and a national guard, the former to legislate and decide, and the latter to enforce obedience to the decisions of the council. The council contained thirteen chiefs, the guard forty warriors. During the year the Rev. Mr. Dodge made two visits to the Delaware tribe, who live in the north-western part of the Arkansas territory, and was received with much kindness and hospitality by their highest chief, who heard Mr. Dodge's proposals with great civility, but declined engaging to receive schools and missionaries at that time, on account of the general absence of his people upon a hunting

campaign. In his second visit, he found two or three females belonging to the Stockbridge tribe, who gave evidence of piety ; they had formerly lived in the State of New York, and had belonged to a mission church. After they wandered to that distant land, they did not forsake the assembling of themselves together, but every Sabbath day they have met with their children to read the Bible, pray, and sing together. The heart of the missionary was greatly moved when he was greeted by one of these poor women in the following manner. "Have you brought Christ with you? then pray with us and our families." In this journey Mr. Dodge met with many encouraging incidents, and obtained four boys and two little girls for the mission school. Most of the tribe were again absent on a hunt, so that he could not fulfil all his desires, but he returned cheered with the hope that ere long he should be able to establish a branch of the mission among them with very little expense. The Rev. Mr. Vaill, also, made a number of interesting visits to different Indian villages, and some among white people, who were as ignorant of religion as the heathen.

It is supposed there are as many as one thousand American, French, and Spanish

hunters in the territory of Arkansas, who are as ignorant as the Indians of every thing connected with civilized life, their dress, manners, and customs being precisely like the natives.

The year closed with about twenty boarding scholars at Union, besides the children belonging to the missionaries. The whooping cough entered the family and school, and occasioned the death of several children, among them Theodocia, the poor little out-cast orphan. At Harmony the school contained nineteen white, and thirty-six Indian children.

I will close this letter with a short account of Mr. Dodge's journey home from the Delaware nation, with his scholars. He set out for home on the ninth of November, with his six children, from six to fourteen years of age, some riding, and some running on foot. On the fourth day they ate the last morsel of food and were more than twenty miles from the station. The weather was cold and rainy, and their progress very slow, as they had but two horses to carry eight persons, and all the luggage. When the night overtook them they pitched their tent, and lay down supperless to sleep. They rose early and pursued their way as fast as possible, for they had no hope

of finding anything to eat, till they reached Harmony ; the rain fell fast, and all the little creeks were filling rapidly. In a few hours they came to places where it was difficult for the horses to move along, for the depth of mud and water ; through all these Mr. Dodge waded with the little ones in his arms.

At length they came to the Osage river, and found it as Mr. Dodge had feared, utterly impassable ; it was almost dark, and none of them had tasted any food after breakfast the day before ; however, they were obliged to encamp for the night in the best place they could find. In the morning, one of the little boys was so hungry that he could not help crying ; the cold had increased, and the snow was three or four inches deep. The largest boy, whose name was Calvin, said he was not afraid to swim over and ask the people to come down and help them ; so Mr. Dodge gave him leave, and he mounted one of the horses, and fearlessly plunged into the river and soon reached the other side in safety ; he could speak some English, and made the family acquainted with the circumstances of their beloved minister, who felt surprised to see the missionaries hastening to his relief in so short a time. The children were put into a skiff, (a little boat) and the whole party

were shortly seated around a good fire, and had warm comfortable food set before them. When some children go home from school, they are fretful and impatient if they do not find the dinner upon the table ; I hope those children who hear you read this story, will think how little cause they have ever had to complain of hunger or cold ; and how much reason they have for thankfulness to God, for having made them to differ from these poor little suffering creatures. And is it unreasonable to expect that grown people will feel constrained to do more for the heathen Indians, when they distinctly see how much some good ministers and private Christians are willing to endure for the sake of guiding them to heaven ? Only think of the pleasant situation which the Rev. Mr. Dodge, Mr. Vaill, and Mr. Pixley left, to go and preach Christ to the dark-minded Osages. All settled in the ministry over kind and affectionate societies in New England, and Mr. Montgomery, a promising candidate for an agreeable situation, and those young physicians, Dr. Palmer and Dr. Belcher, with talents and skill to make themselves conspicuous any where in cultivated life, with all those young ladies, who at the call of duty turned away from the pleasant scenes and associates of

their native land, and looked towards the desolate wilderness with longing desires to carry the news of salvation to those who had never heard a Saviour's name.

O my cousins, shall all these beloved missionaries take their lives in their hands and go to the distant Gentiles, while we sit idle at home, enjoying Sabbaths and sanctuary privileges, till we become almost insensible to their value, and riot upon the bounties of Providence, forgetful of the sufferings and hardships of our missionary brethren and sisters, and the dreadful doom which awaits the impenitent Osages? O no; we will begin this year with new resolutions to do more for the heathen than we have ever done in any year before. That the Holy Spirit may enable us to keep our resolutions is the prayer of your affectionate

CORNELIA.

LETTER XVI.

My dear Cousins,—I must commence my narrative of missionary events for the year 1825, with a most melancholy topic. The Rev. Mr. Chapman's health had failed considerably before the middle of December,

and he made a journey to Neosho, hoping the ride would prove beneficial; but the weather was stormy and his illness rather increased, so that when he reached Mr. Pixley's he was hardly able to sit up; after resting a few days, finding himself sinking, he felt anxious to hasten home, but it was with the utmost difficulty he performed the journey; his mind evidently began to wander, and the evening he arrived at Hopefield he was scarcely able to stand alone. However, the next day he was so urgent to visit Union, that Mrs. Chapman accompanied him. He expressed much pleasure at meeting the family,—told them his head was very much disordered, and he felt sick, and had done his utmost to come to be nursed, &c.

His countenance betrayed his illness, and the derangement of his mind. Two days after, upon the Sabbath, he attended the religious exercises of the family, but could only read a little and pronounce a blessing. In the evening he appeared to be quite feeble, but sat up in his bed and conversed upon the concerns of the mission with much apparent interest. His friends were deeply anxious about the result of his sickness, and when all the brethren gathered around his bed for evening prayers, it was acknowledged to be

the most solemn season that had ever been experienced at Union.

- After this, he failed fast, his fever assuming the typhus form, and his mind seldom clear; yet, even in his wanderings, his thoughts evidently ran upon the kingdom of Christ, and he seemed still anxious for its advancement. He continued till the evening of the 7th of January, when he breathed his last, and it is fully believed received an abundant entrance into the world of bliss. The mission bowed low under this painful bereavement, and with many tears consigned the
- remains of him whom they all loved to the silent tomb, with the assured hope of his happy immortality.

The loss sustained by the death of this intelligent and indefatigable missionary, can never be estimated; he had persevered in his efforts to acquire a competent knowledge of the language of the natives, until his labors were so nearly crowned with success that he could tell them of the wonders of redeeming love in their own tongue, and his little Osage flock at Hopefield, had begun to listen with seriousness to the word of life.

In less than two weeks after the death of Mr. Chapman, the mission family at Union received a visit from Alexander M'Nair, Esq. who had

been governor of Missouri, the four preceding years, and had recently been appointed agent for all the Osage nation. He was accompanied by Mr. Dodge and Mr. Jones, from Harmony, and by several other gentlemen belonging in that region of country. His object was rather an unpleasant one to the missionaries, that of the removal of the Indians; however, as the national government authorized the measure, they did not feel at liberty to do more than to offer their reasons for thinking it would prove detrimental to the best interests of the Indians, and in a great degree throw obstructions in the way of missionary operations. It appeared government thought that by collecting all the tribe, and planting them upon a small tract, their residence would be more permanent, and one agent could overlook and manage them with less trouble, and be more successful in preventing them from doing mischief, than he could in their present scattered condition. The spot chosen for their location was half way between Union and Harmony, which would bring it near the branch of the mission established at Neosho by Mr. Pixley and his assistant. Rev. Mr. Vail and Dr. Palmer, went down to the garrison with the brethren from Harmony, to attend the great council.

Almost all the chiefs in the nation assembled and heard the overtures made them, in behalf of the United States.

It caused these Indian rulers much deliberation and debate, but before the council broke up they agreed to move, on condition they might plant corn once more upon the fields they at that time occupied. This was readily complied with, and at the close of the meeting the agent stated to the Indians the wishes of the government respecting their availing themselves of the advantages of education offered to them by the missionaries, whose views he also gave more clearly than had ever been made before, and urged upon them the duty and importance of acquiring learning, and a knowledge of the arts of civilized life.

When the party returned from the council, the greater part of the chiefs, as well as the missionaries and officers of government, visited Hopefield. It was gratifying to see all the settlers come out in a company to welcome the Governor, saying, "*We are all white men;*" meaning they had adopted the customs of white men. They told him how much the Osages had ridiculed them for abandoning the chase, and using the plough, but said they had "closed up their ears

against all their hard speeches." The Governor encouraged them to persevere, and promised to give each of them an axe, saying to them, "*Such are the men whom the President of the United States loves.*"

The visitors left Hopefield surprised and delighted with the improvements made by a people so recently disengaged from war and hunting. Mr. Vaill used to go and preach at Hopefield every Sabbath, and Mr. Requa imparted religious instruction as he had opportunity at other times, until it was the unanimous opinion of the missionaries at Union and Harmony, that if it would meet the feelings of the Indians to have Mr. Montgomery go and live with them as Mr. Chapman had done, it was his duty to establish himself among them. When it was proposed, they seemed pleased, and said, "*We will have him come.*" Accordingly Mr. Montgomery took up his residence there.

After the spring opened, Mr. Vaill visited several of the Indian villages, and preached to as many as were willing to attend upon his instruction. He was requested to preach at Fort Gibson, the garrison, and during the summer, he was enabled to fulfil two appointments, and was gratified to witness such de-

corum and seriousness among the soldiers, two hundred and fifty in number.

The stated examinations of the schools this year, were unusually interesting, and all things considered, the concerns of the mission prospered. Clamore went down to St. Louis and disposed of his country to the government of the United States, and nothing occurred to produce general agitation, till it began to be rumored a war between the Osages, Cherokees, Delawares, &c. was approaching; but I must defer all farther accounts to another opportunity.

Affectionately yours, CORNELIA.

LETTER XVII.

Dear Delia,—During the summer, the friends of missions in various sections of the United States expressed a wish to have the United Foreign Missionary Society united with the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions. A committee of judicious men was appointed to investigate the subject, who were of opinion that a union would promote the cause of missions generally; and at the anniversary meeting of the

latter body, in 1826, the proper officers of the United Foreign Missionary Society, surrendered all the funds and missionary stations under its patronage into the hands of the American Board. The whole transfer appeared to be made in a truly Christian spirit.

After the two societies were blended together, those missionaries connected with the stations in the Osage tribe, were left at liberty to remain in the situations they at that time filled, or to retire from their field of labor. The greater part of them remained at their posts, continuing to labor with contentment and hope, till it was thought best by the Board for Mr. Vaill to visit the eastern States, with a view to make the Christian public better acquainted with the true state of the Indians, and by attending missionary anniversaries and other public meetings, endeavor to excite a deeper sympathy and more liberal charities in their behalf.

Before Mr. Vaill's departure, the rumor of approaching war, was changed for a report that the Cherokees had almost completed their preparations for a furious attack of the Osages, whose minds were filled with fear and consternation. Their terror and dismay increased from the hour the superintendent left the mission. In a few days the rustling

of a leaf or the motion of a shadow would affright them. Twice, the settlers at Hopefield fled ; once on the approach of two white men, and another at the sudden appearance of a couple of deserters from the fort. The officers at the garrison aided the missionaries in their endeavors to quiet their unnecessary fears, and to persuade them to return and attend to their agricultural and domestic concerns ; but for a long time, all their efforts were vain.

I suppose you will feel surprised at the approach of war so soon after a treaty of peace had been ratified, but you must consider that the Osages do not consider treaties sacred, like civilized nations. Soon after a treaty had been signed, a few years since, a Cherokee had been murdered by an Osage while hunting upon his own ground, and the murderer had never been given up. The Cherokees threatened revenge at the time, but were restrained by agents of our government till about the time that Mr. Vail went to New York, accompanied by Mrs. Chapman and her children. Then a council was called and attended principally by young men, who felt restless, and panted for an opportunity to distinguish themselves and avenge their revenge.

They decided upon war, and hastened

their preparations for a bloody expedition. The principal Cherokee chiefs knew nothing of the council till the young warriors had set out, and doubtless they would have laid waste the Osage country, had not Col. Walter Webber, and Capt. Pryor, a friend of his, heard of their movements, followed after and overtaken them. After much persuasion, they abandoned their cruel purpose; and when they had taken time for reflection, they expressed much gratitude to Col. Webber and Capt. Pryor, for restraining them from imbruing their hands in the blood of their defenceless neighbors.

Through the influence of these men, the warriors even sent a written *talk* and *tobacco* to the Osages by Capt. Pryor, as a token of peace. At the time of this meditated attack, the settlers at Hopefield had nearly surrounded the station at Union; indeed the yard was full of them. The enemy had nearly reached the mission, when they were overtaken by Col. Webber. I almost shudder to think of the scene of confusion and carnage which the missionaries must have witnessed in a few hours, had not Providence so signally interposed.

The poor Osages had scarcely recovered from their panic occasioned by the Cherokees,

before they were struck with tenfold horror, from hearing that the Delaware and Piankashaw Indians were about to destroy them altogether. In this case their fears were not groundless; for here and there were to be seen stragglers from those vengeful tribes, who in cold blood had murdered several unarmed Osages who happened to fall in their way. One of the murdered was a harmless blind man, the father of one of the children in the mission school. Some kind hand had led him into a neighboring yard, where he had quietly seated himself, no doubt feeling he was in comparative safety. In this situation, one of the enemy drew near and shot him dead. Many others shared a similar fate. Sometimes the people at Hopefield would be so overcome with terror, that they would run to Union, rush into the mission houses and push their way up stairs, and crawl under the beds, to secrete themselves from the cruel enemy, who were watching for their lives in every direction.

Col. Arbuckle, of the garrison, sent an embassy to the Delawares, hoping to appease their wrath, and with so much success, that the chiefs promised to keep quiet till the Osages could convene a great council.

As no confidence could be placed in the

promises of those savage tribes, Col. Arbuckle advised the missionaries to beware of having their houses surrounded with Osages, for he really feared the Delawares might fall upon them and destroy all within their reach. He also advised the settlers at Hopefield, and all the Indians in that vicinity to depart for a time, for he fully expected the Delawares aimed at their utter destruction. This was in the season of the year most important to the farmer, as the corn and other produce needed hoeing and tending; but their lives were at stake, and no time could be lost in preparations to leave. They repaired in haste to the town over which Clamore presided, and finding that chief with his people ready to set off upon a summer's hunt, they concluded to keep them company. Many of the parents took their children from the mission school, notwithstanding the assurances of Gen. Clark, superintendent of Indian affairs, and the missionaries, that they should be protected.

In my next, you will hear of more Indian calamities. Adieu, CORNELIA.

While Cornelia was folding her letter, William Elton, a lad for whom Jerome Claiborne cherished a warm attachment, called to inquire after him and Delia. Seeing the letters upon the table, he asked if Jerome wrote

them. Cornelia explained to him the method she had adopted, ever after they went home, of writing them missionary letters to be read in their society meetings. William appeared highly pleased, and wished that Cornelia would allow her letters to be read in their meetings, before she sent them to her cousins. She gave him leave to write to them, and request the loan of them for that purpose, which encouraged William to ask her to read those lying on the table, ready to be sent the next mail. After she had granted his request, he expressed his surprise by saying, "I never heard till now that a mission had ever been sent to the Osage Indians. Where do they live?"

Cornelia. They formerly resided in the western part of the State of Missouri and of the Arkansas territory, and the country adjoining on the west. A few years since they sold all their territory except a tract fifty miles wide, extending from the south-western part of the State of Missouri to the country of the Pawnees, another Indian tribe, on the west, near the Rocky mountains.

William. Will the mission be given up when the Indians remove?

Cornelia. That was thought to be a difficult question to settle in a way to satisfy all who felt interested in the mission. Union

was a most eligible situation for an Indian boarding-school. It had cost the society, under whose patronage it had been established, a great deal of money; and with the stock, farming utensils and furniture, was supposed to be worth twenty thousand dollars. After it was put under the direction of the American Board, a sufficient number of the missionaries wished to remain, to conduct such a school; and as the prospect was, that many of the scholars would stay after their parents' removal, and that the Cherokees would occupy the lands left by the Osages, it could hardly be doubted but what there would always be as many Indian pupils as the missionaries would have funds to educate. It was therefore continued.

William. Miss Pelham, I thought all Indians were bold and fearless, but in your letter it told of their hiding under beds, and other places.

Cornelia. Their frames of mind are very unequal. One hour they will quake with fear, and perhaps the next fight with great courage and bravery. They have been known to submit to the keenest sufferings, with the most stoical indifference; yet, they often show as great dread of being hurt as any people in the world.

William. Do the Osages resemble the Choctaws, of whom you and Miss McEllroy told us so many things at our missionary meetings?

Cornelia. The Osages are much more savage and untractable, more inconstant and ungrateful. Being so much farther removed from the abodes of civilized life than any other tribe to whom missionaries have been sent in this country, it could not be expected they would be so well prepared for the reception of the gospel, and the arts of life, as the Cherokees and Choctaws, who had made some advances towards civilization before the American Board established the missions now in operation within their borders. The Osages had seen few white men, they knew nothing about schools or religion, they felt the most sovereign contempt for labor, and considered war and hunting the only honorable employments for men. In their hunting expeditions, they often meet the Pawnees, and other tribes, pursuing the same game, and their encounters are frequently very cruel and bloody.

William. The women are not so well off as the Choctaw women, are they?

Cornelia. No, their condition is far more degraded; their husbands make them do all

the drudgery at home and abroad. They have all the skins of the animals taken in hunting to dress, all the corn to plant, and houses to build, besides dragging home upon their backs all the wood they burn, and carrying from place to place all the family baggage. Indeed these miserable women find no resting place, from the day of their marriage, till they lie down in the grave.

William. What do the men do?

Cornelia. They lounge about from cabin to cabin, smoking, gambling, telling stories, and sleeping, when disengaged from hunting and war.

William. Some heathen men have three or four wives; do the Osages?

Cornelia. Yes, they are allowed to have two, but many of them have a large number. If a man marries the eldest daughter, she is called *the wife*; but all the daughters of the same mother, become his wives as a matter of course.

William. Do they have as many weddings as wives, Miss Pelham?

Cornelia. No; but when a man marries *the wife*, a great parade is made, of feasting, forming processions, displaying colors of the United States, with a variety of other ceremonies suited to their savage state,

William. How different the circumstances of women in this country !

Cornelia. And all other Christian countries. Did you know that women were indebted to the gospel entirely, for all the difference in their circumstances, and those of the heathen ?

William. Yes, Miss Pelham, my mother says it is the influence of the Bible upon people, that makes *any* better than heathens.

Do the Osage Indians howl and lament over their sick and dying friends in the same manner those tribes did of which you and Miss McElroy told us, when Jerome and Delia were here ?

Cornelia. Yes, I think you would be more terrified if you were alone near the dwelling of a dying Osage, than if you were near that of a Choctaw ; for they cry and howl most dolefully, they wring their hands, tear their hair, and beat their breasts with such fury you would think their breath would be stopped, and this is continued till the person dies ; then the noise subsides till the conjurer has performed the operation of painting the face of the corpse, in a way to designate the particular clan to which he belongs. When this is completed, the mourners resume their lamentations, and in the most doleful and clamorous strains, express their grief until

they are quite exhausted ; then they retire, and a fresh set of mourners take their places, and the mourning is continued till the body is wrapped in a buffalo skin, stretched upon the ground, and covered with stones and earth to a considerable height. A father has been known to sit days by the mound of earth that is reared around the body of his son, without tasting one morsel of food, occasionally crying out, "My son, you make me unhappy—you are not with me—I must hunt and go to the war alone." Sometimes he speaks to his god, and says, "My god, pity me, my son is gone, I am poor, help me to go to war, and secure the scalps of my enemies, that I may feast my heart and be glad again."

William. If they are heathen, how do they know about God ?

Cornelia. They know nothing about the Christian's God, except what the missionaries have taught them ; this heathen father was not praying to Jehovah, but to some of his imaginary gods. The most horrid gloom settles down upon the graves of all the heathen, concealing all beyond, from their anxious gaze.

William. Do none of them suppose there is an hereafter ?

Cornelia. Their conjectures about futurity

have led some to act upon the belief that there is a future state of existence, and that their wants and desires will correspond with those of the present life ; therefore, when a distinguished warrior dies, his favorite horse is shot by the side of his place of burial, a dish of the food he most relished when alive, the bow, arrow, and tomahawk, which he used, are placed by the side of the fallen hero, before the mound of earth is raised over his remains.

William. They are very ignorant.

Cornelia. They are, indeed. When the missionaries first talked to them about the true God, they said, "Who is he? Where is he? Show him to me. Is he like my shadow? Is he like my breath? Is he like the wind? What is he like?"

William. I have felt just like the Indians, and used to ask my mother almost the same questions.

Cornelia. What did she tell you?

William. She used to shake her head and say, "William, you should not ask such questions ; it is wrong." When I was quite small, I longed to know about God, and sometimes I cried and could not sleep, because I could not find out who he was, nor where he was. I asked a great many questions, and felt

grieved and vexed that nobody would answer them.

Cornelia. Have you found out who God is now, William?

William. I know more about him than I once did; my mother loves God now, and likes to talk about him.

Cornelia. How does she answer those questions, now she loves God?

William. I do not ask those questions now, but my little sister does, and she tells her that God is a spirit, every where present, watching all we do, hearing all we say, and knowing all our thoughts.

Cornelia. When your little sister says she cannot see God, what does your mother say?

William. Ellen said yesterday, "Mother, can you see God?" Mother replied, "Ellen, can you see the wind?" Sister said, "No mother, but I can *feel* it, and do look, how it shakes the rose bushes and tall trees." Mother told us we could feel the presence of God more powerfully than the wind, if we kept him in our thoughts. She said to us, you may see him in those beautiful blue mountains that skirt the horizon, and those floating clouds, fringed with gold; you may see him in the sun, moon, and stars, and every thing you see shows his goodness, wisdom, and

power. She talks to us about God, and heaven, and hell, and Christ, and salvation, every day. I wish the Osages could hear her.

Cornelia. They hear about the same things from the missionaries, but they were slow to learn his commandments, and very unwilling to obey them, preferring their own gods, to the "one living and true God."

William. Who are their gods?

Cornelia. They worship in their way, the sun, moon, earth, thunder, and many other things. Their time for prayer, is from day-break to sun-rise; hundreds wander about perhaps in the same field, all praying aloud at the same moment. Mr. Vaill saw an old chief "stand and pray, first to the east, then to the west, then to the north, and then to the south, as though God was in one direction or the other."

William. What do they pray for?

Cornelia. For whatever they want; but commonly when they sit down to smoke, "the first whiff is offered to their particular god," and then follows the prayer, "Tobacco, tobacco, I smoke to thee, god; give me a good path, make me a good warrior." Though they offer prayers to numerous divinities, yet they are not ashamed to declare, they hate

them ; and say, god is of a bad temper ; they would shoot him if they could see him." They evince a desire to secure help from their gods, and express a wish to please them ; supposing that the gods feel a peculiar complacency in the tears of men, they daub their faces with mud, and weep so profusely that the tears wash channels through the dirt, to render their *tears* more conspicuous to the god.

William. I do not like the Osages, half as well as I do the Cherokees.

Cornelia. I believe no person does, for none but strangers praise them ; their kindness to strangers makes them very interesting. The moment the arrival of a stranger is announced, a feast is prepared ; perhaps a dozen individuals prepare one within an hour after he enters one of their villages.

William. What kind of feast can they prepare in one hour ?

Cornelia. If you should be invited to twenty Osage feasts, you would find only one dish at a feast, which would probably be a preparation of corn, beans, peas, or pumpkins, served in a large wooden bowl, with a horn-spoon, quite as large as your mouth.

Notwithstanding all the attentions paid to strangers by the Osages, it is a melancholy

fact, that they will neglect their aged, infirm or sick parents, and leave them alone to perish, for the want of tender care and suitable nourishment.

William. I think we shall all like to hear about the Osage Indians as well as we did about the Choctaws, and it seems their ignorance and wretchedness calls loudly for relief. I do hope we shall be able to raise some money for their benefit. I will go home and write requesting your cousins to send us their letters as soon as they have read them in their society.

Soon after William departed, Cornelia began writing another letter.

LETTER XVIII.

My dear Cousins,—In addition to all the trials brought upon the mission by the war, and flight of the Indians, the family were sorely afflicted with sickness; at first the prevailing disease was an influenza, which was so severe that all who were attacked, were obliged to suspend all labor, and most of them were confined to their beds. A violent intermittent and dysentery, followed hard upon

the influenza, prostrating almost every member of the family and school ; even parents of the scholars, who came to the station for medical advice, grew so much worse as to be compelled to remain, thus adding to the cares and labors of those who had begun to recover. Dr. Palmer was brought very low, but through mercy was so far restored before the others became dangerous, as to be enabled to prescribe for them. Mrs. Requa, a lovely woman, and most valuable helper in the mission, died. She was the only adult that fell a victim ; but several children, among whom was the youngest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Vaill, were carried off by these distempers.

The Indians returned from their hunt, and engaged in their labor with much spirit and courage ; the enemy had disappeared, and their prospects were brightening, till the weather became very hot, then the *prairie flies*, an insect of a greenish color, about the size of a honey bee, came upon them in such devouring swarms, as strongly to remind the mission family of the plagues of Egypt ; the cows and horses fled before these merciless foes, and hid themselves in the depths of the forests. The thievish Osages followed, and stole the very best of them. Milk had been the principal article of diet in the family, and the loss

of the cows proved a serious evil, which was felt a long time. In September, long continued rains fell, till the river rose nearly twenty feet above its usual height; it overflowed its banks and deluged the corn-fields, destroying cattle and every thing within reach of the flood. Mr. Fuller had retired from the mission, and settled himself in the neighborhood. When he found the water rushing into his dwelling, he removed his furniture into the chamber and fled with his family to Union, with only the clothes they had on. When the waters subsided, he returned to the spot where he left his habitation, but the flood had swept it away and all it contained, and he never saw a vestige of it again. The cabins, corn-fields, granaries, and fences of the poor Indians at Hopefield, were "swept away in one night, and they escaped houseless to the hills." Mr. Requa remained in his house till he was compelled to flee for his life, being unable to take anything except a few light articles in the canoe, in which he made his escape. Supposing the river would not rise any higher than in the spring floods, he delayed removing till the water ran so rapidly it was with difficulty he got off in safety.

The loss sustained by the Osage settlers

was great, and to the mission, not inconsiderable. The missionaries feared the Indians would be so much disheartened by this calamity, that they would forsake their agricultural pursuits, and give themselves up to despair and inaction. But they were happily disappointed. Although the following winter they fared hard, depending for subsistence upon the roots and acorns they could dig on the prairies, except what could be spared from the mission, yet when the spring opened, they selected another spot for a settlement, which they thought most safe from another flood, and engaged in farming with good courage.

An event occurred, which was a severe trial to the missionaries, as well as the Indians. Several vagrant whites, and Indians of various tribes, had been discovered skulking about several days. One of the most valuable and industrious settlers had been working alone in a distant field ; every one of these stragglers fired upon the unsuspecting man at once, and brought him dead to the ground. His friends and countrymen hearing the report of the guns, seized their fire arms, swam across the river, and, after a short battle, killed every one of the murderous band.

Such a specimen of Osage courage and

promptness, the missionaries never witnessed before or afterwards.

Let us pause, my dear cousins, and contrast our situation with that of those afflicted missionaries, till our hearts swell with gratitude for the rich blessings that fill our cup, and we feel constrained to cry, "Lord, what shall we render to thee for all these benefits."

I am happy to hear your society prospers, and that all the members manifest increasing interest in the object for which it was formed. You observe, "the little girls become restless after hearing us read awhile; what shall we do to gain their attention?" I called yesterday upon a juvenile missionary circle, connected with one branch of our Sabbath school, where the same difficulty occurred of which you complain. The directress of that circle, with her board of managers, devised a plan which produced the desired effect. — She or one of her assistants select a mission, study its history with attention, and when they meet to work, she relates the story without a book, allowing the members to make a few inquiries. This method has succeeded admirably so far. How fond of stories all children are, is pretty fully known by all persons who have not forgotten how they felt when they were children. At the next meeting, the members of the

society were questioned concerning the leading facts in the story of the last week, and their ready and correct answers proved they were attentive and deeply interested. I wish you could have seen what a collection of bright, happy faces I found in that little Sabbath school missionary circle. The directress was about fourteen or fifteen, and most of her assistants younger; the members of the society were from four to fourteen years of age; but the most perfect order and decorum prevailed throughout. I mention these things for your encouragement and imitation, and with wishing you equal, if not greater success, will close my long letter. Adieu,

CORNELIA.

LETTER XIX.

My dear Delia,—I intend to devote this evening to a continuation of the progress of the Osage mission. When Mr. Vaill returned to the station, from his eastern tour, he was accompanied by Miss Selden, a sister of Mrs. Vaill, and his daughter, who had been left in Connecticut to finish her education. His faith and submission were put to a severe

test, when he met his afflicted family and brethren, and heard what distressing and appalling scenes they had been called to pass through. But he was enabled to bow meekly under the chastising strokes of his Heavenly Father's hand. He "girded up the loins of his mind," cast himself anew upon the arm of his Saviour, and pressed onward in the rough and thorny path, which had been clearly pointed out to him by the finger of Providence. The number of scholars had been reduced during his absence; a few weeks after he left Union the school contained about forty. As many as seventy had been taught by the missionaries, who speak of them as diligent and interesting. The girls have learned to spin, weave, knit, and sew, some of the women have planted and raised cotton, and begin to make a little cloth, a few have learned to make common garments, in a very decent manner. More would soon learn, if there was not such a scarcity of wheels, cards, &c. I hope some of our missionary societies will procure such articles for the use of the females; and hoes, axes, and ploughs for the men. They would improve much more rapidly, if they had more conveniences for prosecuting their work. In the summer of 1827, Mr. Vaill took charge of the school himself, which at that time con-

tained about forty promising children, of Indian descent; some of them had French, Spanish, or American fathers, and Osage mothers; some of their parents were a mixture of French and Kickapoo, Spanish and Pawnee, &c.; and others were the children of parents who were both full blooded Osages. He commenced building a good school house, and some other buildings to make the family more comfortable.

The school at Harmony prospered as well or better than at any former period, during the year 1827. A considerable number of Indians had settled near the station, who wished for aid and instruction in cultivating the soil. Preaching was well attended upon the Sabbath, and a few listened to Bible instruction at week day meetings. The missionaries pursued their arduous and self-denying labors, with persevering zeal and increasing encouragement, the greater part of the year 1828. Dr. Palmer had received a license to preach, and with the approbation of the Board, and at the urgent request of the Cherokees of the Arkansas, he removed from Union to Mulberry, where he labored with great acceptance and success, as a preacher, physician, and teacher.

I presume you remember the two Osag

lads who went to the mission school at Cornwall, in Connecticut; they both became pious, and Stephen Van Rensselaer prepared himself for an interpreter to the missionaries. Robert Morrau died.

In the latter part of 1828, a difficulty arose between Mr. Pixley and an agent, which issued in the abandonment of that station; an opposition had been raised against him in the most wicked manner. Good men who learned what injurious treatment he received, deeply sympathized with him. He had labored with great perseverance and fidelity to do the ungrateful Osages good; he visited them at their village constantly, and gave them private personal instruction in religion, and for years devoted all his powers to recover them from their darkness and idolatry, but finding so many insurmountable obstacles thrown in his way by profligate men, he went to the white settlements in Missouri, where he was preaching with encouraging prospects, the last I heard from him. It is probable he will one day return, and continue his efforts to save some of that hardened and polluted race.

Some time before he left the nation, he described his situation in a letter, as more and more encouraging. He said, "I never felt myself more at home among the Osages than

at present : I never had more of their confidence ; and, indeed, never had higher hopes of eventual success. Two evenings since, I went into a lodge for the special purpose, as I often do, of trying to enlighten their benighted minds. After talking a while, at their request I sang a hymn of my own composing in their language, relative to the omniscience and omnipresence of God, as judge of the world, and with respect to the righteous and wicked. But what made the scene peculiarly pleasing was the fixed attention of two children between nine and twelve years old, who came from the other end of the lodge, and drawing close to me, listened with great interest, and seemed to understand and drink in all I said. Dark and gloomy as this valley is, sometimes a ray of hope so shoots across my cheerless path, that, ungrateful and unworthy as I am, I should greatly add to these, if I did not acknowledge that my cup is mingled with consolations neither few nor small ; and that the bitterest trials and self-denials of missionaries are more than made up to them, in the inward comfort and peace they are permitted to enjoy. It is no uncommon thing now to hear this people when they smoke call upon God to give them good thoughts, and lead them in the *right hand path*, in-

stead of asking for success in killing Pawnees and stealing horses; not that they have laid those aside, but it shows that what is said to them is taking root, and is conversed about." I presume you understand that Mr. Pixley's residence at Neosho was near *White-Hair's* village.

In my next letter I will tell you about some of their former notions of religion.

Ever yours,

CORNELIA.

LETTER XX.

My dear Cousins,—In some of my first letters about the Osages, I often mentioned Sans-Nerf, a chief of considerable influence, who in the prime of life visited New England, and afterwards the seat of government. Mr. Dodge thought he might derive as much knowledge of the religious opinions of the tribe from him as any other man of his years; he therefore entered into conversation upon the subject, by asking him what he knew of God before his first visit to the eastern States?

Sans-Nerf. I have formerly been taught to consider the sun, the moon, the earth and the sky to be the principal gods.

Mr. Dodge. Who first told you about God?

Sans-Nerf. The old men told me about him from my earliest childhood.

Mr. Dodge proposed a variety of questions with a view to ascertain whether he knew any thing about sin, or the overruling providence of God, but the old man did not appear to comprehend his meaning, or to attach any ideas to most of his questions. When asked if he often prayed to his gods, he replied, "The Osages put mud on their faces, and ask the ground, the sun, and the moon, to help them go to war."

To the question whether there would be an hereafter, he readily replied, "When the body is dead, that is the end." He said he thought his gods hated him, when they refused to grant what he most wished to obtain. Mr. Dodge made similar inquiries of an old man of eighty years of age. In answer to a question concerning God, the man said, "There are four gods that I can see—the sun, moon, seven stars, and yard-ell," and another which could not be seen by any one. The missionary inquired if the gods required men to do, or refrain from doing certain things. The Osage man replied, "If we want to go to war, we put mud on our faces and fast sever

days, and then in a dream the several gods bring us tidings of certain success. The sun requires us to go to war and bring a scalp; the moon to bring a skin to make moccasins; and one star requires us to paint the leader red when we go to war.

He said they held a great meeting every year, when all prayed, and he prayed for whatever he wanted at other times, and put mud on his face. It could not be discovered that any of them ever refrained from any action out of fear to the gods, but this old man was confident there was an hereafter; being asked where he should live after death, he replied, "At an old town on the Missouri; we shall have bodies as here; it will be good hunting ground; there will be plenty of game; we shall go to war as we do now. Different nations will go to different places."

Thus you see, my dear cousins, what gross darkness covers the minds of the poor heathen Osages, after all the money that has been expended, and all the missionary labors bestowed upon them, in the hope of leading them to accept the blessings of religion and civilization. Do you feel discouraged, and wish to recal those heroic Christian missionaries, and leave the heathen still wandering in the paths that must end in eternal death? I

beseech you to pause, before you say, "I will do no more for these hard-hearted, ungrateful Osages; I will give no more money to be wasted upon them; other tribes are willing to be instructed and reformed; I will help them." So will I, my dear friends, but we must not abandon the Osages; there is no other remedy for their blindness, except the gospel; we must still continue our alms and prayers; the word of God is still powerful, and when it has been brought to bear upon their understandings, hearts, and consciences, they will have ears to hear, eyes to see, and hearts to feel and love the "truth as it is in Jesus." I would not have them deserted so long as there is a missionary to be found, who is willing to remain among them. We have put our hands to the work, and I am resolved never to relinquish my efforts to do good to this tribe, and the other numerous tribes that live beyond them, nearer to the setting sun.

A view of the multitudes of Indians who are to-day roaming over the great wilderness between Union and the foot of the Rocky mountains, ignorant and degraded, instead of discouraging our minds, ought to rouse up all our energies and quicken us in prayer and effort, that the light of the gospel may shine upon them in such a full blaze as to dissipate

the mists of superstition, and the thick darkness that from time immemorial has overshadowed them. Every year we are gaining increasing knowledge of the situation, wants, and miseries, of those who dwell in the western regions, even to the great Pacific Ocean, and hear of one place after another, which might be occupied as a missionary station, had we the men and money requisite for their establishment. Most of these tribes being farther removed from civilized life than the Osages, are, if possible, more ignorant and untractable than they ; but this must not influence our conduct, for the promise of God stands sure and steadfast ; the heathen shall be given to Christ as an inheritance, and we may well feel honored of God in being allowed to be co-workers with him in bringing the promise to fulfilment.

I think that one proof of the speedy accomplishment of this promise being at hand, so far as heathen Indians are concerned, is the scarcity of game in those regions that most abounded in it twenty years ago. It is believed by many, that in the same number of years to come, the Indians must subsist by cultivating the soil, or perish. When the Indians become farmers, they will no longer be accounted savages ; therefore, the only

way to save them from extinction seems to be to civilize and christianize them. Though it will require large contributions of money for several years, and faithful persevering missionary labor; yet, I do not believe Christians will let the good work stop, for want of means to prosecute it with increasing vigor from year to year, till the wished-for success is realized.

Yours affectionately,

CORNELIA.

After Cornelia sent the last letter to her cousins, she was unable to write any more for two or three weeks; in that time William Elton had sent for, and received all her letters concerning the Osages; he had read them with care, and felt so deeply concerned for the little children who had been forsaken by their cruel mothers, that he embraced the first opportunity to call upon her, and make further inquiries. Cornelia assured him that all she had written was strictly true, and added, "I know of other cases equally barbarous. One woman resolved to destroy her twin infants immediately after their birth. One of the missionaries heard of her resolution, and narrowly watched the movements of all connected with her; by hiring an old woman who was in the plot, to make known

what had been done with them, it was ascertained they had been carried into the woods and left.

After a long and toilsome search by the missionaries, the poor little creatures were found almost famished, covered over with a bit of an old tattered blanket, one of them sucking the cheek of the other.

William. Miss Pelham, do you think they would have died if the missionaries had not interfered?

Cornelia. I have no doubt but they would have died in a short time, for it was evident they had received no nourishment, and it is not likely any human being would have ever discovered them, unless the most diligent search had been made, for they were found in a dark unfrequented wood.

William. What became of them?

Cornelia. They were carried to the mission house and tenderly nursed.

William. Are all Osage mothers cruel to their babes?

Cornelia. No, some of them appear to be amiable and friendly women, and would treat their children kindly if they knew how; but the poor little creatures suffer extremely when they are sick for the want of medicine and suitable nourishment. Mr. Vaill, in pass-

ing a lodge, saw the owner sitting in a disconsolate posture near the door ; he entered and sat down ; the man looking at him mournfully, but in silence, stooped down and opened a buffalo skin that lay at his feet, and behold it contained a miserable infant, wasted away to skin and bones. Mr. Vaill told Dr. Palmer the condition of the child, and he went to see it, gave it medicine and proper nourishment, and it soon recruited. About two years afterwards, Mr. Vaill passed that way again, and calling at the same lodge, the man called a bright playful little fellow to him, saying, " This is the child your Doctor cured."

William. I should think they would value missionary physicians very highly.

Cornelia. I should think so too, but they are so strongly attached to their superstitious customs, that they generally prefer their *conjurers* and *medicine men*, to our most humane and skilful physicians.

William. How do the best Indian mothers treat their little ones ?

Cornelia. They tie them down upon a flat board when they are two or three days old, in such a manner that they can move neither hand or foot ; indeed, the only motion they can make is to roll their heads from one side of the board to the other. In this uncom-

fortable state they remain a long time, and when they run alone, instead of a whip and a wheelbarrow, the little boys have a bow and arrows given them; the older children then learn him to climb about, and fire arrows at butterflies, birds, and grasshoppers, till he becomes strong enough to run after his father and brothers to the hunting camp, where he soon learns to kill deer, and in process of time he goes out upon the great buffalo and bear hunt. When this little hunter becomes a man, he pants for an opportunity to distinguish himself, and acquire the coveted glory of a *brave*.

William. How is this glory obtained?

Cornelia. By stealing horses, killing men in fight, and murdering women and children. Before an individual sets out to achieve the deeds, which alone can secure this honor, he engages in numberless ceremonies and rites, prescribed by the most renowned of his nation, and after completing the requisite amount of fasting, howling, crying, and praying, he paints himself, and departs from the home of his childhood, and usually returns a *brave*. He then selects a wife, who conducts him to the lodge of her father, where he immediately assumes the most unbounded power; subjecting her whole family to his

unbroken will and pleasure. Ever afterwards he feels at liberty to live in idleness and vice, till death overtakes him, and he sinks into his grave, "unsanctified, unsaved."

William. What a cruel, proud, and tyrannical race they are.

Cornelia. True; their pride is intolerable, when we consider their poverty and debasement. I will mention one little circumstance, to show you how perfectly absurd and inconsistent their notions of honor are. A boy of ten or twelve years old, loitered about day after day, near one of the mission houses, nearly, if not quite naked; being reproved for his shameful appearance, he pleaded poverty; Mr. Pixley then gave him a garment of his own, made of grey cloth; but still he sauntered about naked, and the missionary inquired of the boy's mother the cause of it; she told him, the boy was ashamed to put it on, because it was not *blue*, the color of the cloths usually sold by the Indian traders.

William. I wonder the patience and forbearance of the missionaries have not been exhausted long ago.

Cornelia. They expected a long trial of their faith and patience, when they engaged to carry the gospel to this distant tribe, and

ought not to feel disappointed or discouraged. As a nation, the Osages are the most notorious beggars in the world.

William. Their land is good, I do not see why they must be poor enough to beg.

Cornelia. They have no other excuse for their poverty but their idleness, and wickedness. But after years of effort to suppress begging, the missionaries have not been able to effect a reformation beyond the schools and the settlement at Hopefield. Whenever you meet an Osage, you are saluted with, "Wha-pau-ne, wha-pau-ne, I am poor, I am poor; Non-i-hu-nin-ka, tobacco I have none; Wah-num-bra-nin-ka, food I have none; Noh-pa-he, I am very hungry; Tsche-as-cha, to death I am near."

William. Is it a common thing for them to appear naked among people?

Cornelia. Till children are five or six years old, they go nearly or quite naked; in most cases they do not wear a dollar's worth of clothes before they are fourteen or fifteen years of age. Two or three deer skins furnish all the covering for a large family in their wild state. They have received the impression, that if a man is white he must be rich.

William. You mentioned in one of your

letters, that they had formed a kind of government; do they not punish crimes, since they made laws?

Cornelia. Yes; some crimes are made punishable by death, but without the consent of the *braves*, the chiefs can do nothing. When an individual undertakes to execute the law upon an offender, it is often done in a summary way. To give you one or two examples.—A vile woman became so wicked that the law demanded her death; an old man took upon himself the office of executioner, and coming upon her suddenly, plunged a knife into her breast, and she died instantly. Another woman became extremely debased; efforts were made to reclaim her, but in vain. One day her brother said to her, “Do you refuse *now* and *forever* to listen to your friends?” She gave him to understand that she should not change her course, and he shot her dead upon the spot.

William. O dear, what a dreadful state of society!

Cornelia. At present it is shocking to think of their condition, with such a delightful country, and followed as they have been of late years with all the means necessary to make them wise and happy; it makes me feel sad at times when I think of them.

William. What kind of country is it?

Cornelia. A great part of it is called a *rolling prairie*; that is, a country neither level nor mountainous; the prairies are destitute of wood, and covered with a tall, rank grass, so high that a man can just overlook it on horse-back, at some seasons of the year. I have heard of one prairie two hundred miles long, between Union and the first range of the Rocky mountains.

William. Do you suppose they never had any trees on them?

Cornelia. It is thought all the *prairies* in the western country have some time been covered with timber;—that they were occasioned by large fires is probable.

William. Who would burn over so much ground?

Cornelia. I have been told that the Indians and white hunters, often set fire to the high grass, to drive out the game it conceals, and in that way thousands of acres of woodland are burnt over every year. When a fire is once kindled, there is no telling where or when it will stop. You can hardly conceive of the appearance of a large prairie on fire.

William. It must look very grand and terrible. Miss Pelham, I must go home now,

but I hope you will let me read the remainder of the letters you write about the Osages.

Cornelia. I will;—I shall write but one more, and if you will call to-morrow you may read it before it goes to the post-office.

William promised to call, and then took leave and went home.

LETTER XXI.

My dear Cousins,—In this letter I shall endeavor to draw my Osage mission history to a close, by giving you a brief view of the present circumstances of the missionaries and the Indians.

Mr. Vaill has had his share of discouragements, as well as his brethren at Harmony; but owing to the proximity of other tribes, who have moved on to the land sold to government by the Osages, his school continues in a prosperous state; he has at the present time Creek and Cherokee, as well as Osage scholars, in the whole about fifty; I believe all but two or three can read in the Testament. Many of the Creek and Cherokee people, had received religious instruction from Baptist and Methodist missionaries, before their re-

moveal to the Osage country. Some of the Creeks have become so much interested in preaching, that they travel twenty miles to hear Mr. Vaill upon the Sabbath. Dr. Palmer's place at Union has been supplied by Dr. Weed.

Mr. Dodge, the superintendent at Harmony, has followed the Osages, and is about forming a new station near one of their large villages, many miles distant from Harmony, for the purpose of preaching to them the gospel in their own language, by means of an interpreter. The school at Harmony continues to flourish, seven scholars finished their education last year, and their places were soon filled by new scholars; all appear diligent and contented; most of them can read well in the Bible; the boys work well out of school, and the girls last summer spun and wove more than one hundred and fifty yards of cloth, and they have learned to do household work neatly. In the boarding schools at Union and Harmony, there were ninety-eight scholars, the last I heard.

My dear cousins,—I have now made you acquainted with the commencement, progress, and present circumstances of all the missions at this time under the patronage and direction of the American Board of Commissioners for

Foreign Missions among the *south-western* tribes of Indians.

You have seen that a large amount of labor has been performed, large sums of money expended, many valuable lives lost, and many, very many precious, immortal souls saved. But still, very little has been accomplished, when compared with what remains to be done before the gospel will triumph from the Mississippi to the Pacific ocean.

I almost weep when I think of the condescension of God in permitting such unworthy beings, as you and I, and all other Sabbath school teachers and scholars are, to become co-workers with him in the performance of his promises to the poor heathen.

The time will come when all this great continent will be covered with inhabitants who will love God supremely—erect churches for his worship—hallow his Sabbaths, and consecrate their powers, faculties, and substance, to the advancement and glory of his kingdom in the world. And we are paving the way for these blessed scenes, if we are diligently laboring to promote the interests of learning and religion among the tribes who still remain unblest with the pure light of revelation.

We have recently heard from uncle Pel-

ham, and hope to see him in about three months. He desired his best love to uncle and aunt Claiborne, and all their dear children ; and in a postscript said, " God willing, I hope to spend next Christmas with our beloved family circle."

My parents propose having a family meeting soon after his return, and we hope it will be early in the fall. Ma' says, " your aunt Claiborne's family is so numerous it will be difficult for them to take all their children a journey together ; perhaps the *family meeting* will be there." The remark has filled my heart with gladness, for uncle proposes to visit on his way home, all the missionary stations under the care of the American Board, among the *north-western* tribes of Indians, and it will be delightful to hear him describe the persons and places he has himself seen. Remember me affectionately to all my friends, and tell them I hope we shall persevere in all our labors of love to benefit the Cherokee, Choctaw, Chickasaw, and Osage Indians.

Yours in love, CORNELIA.

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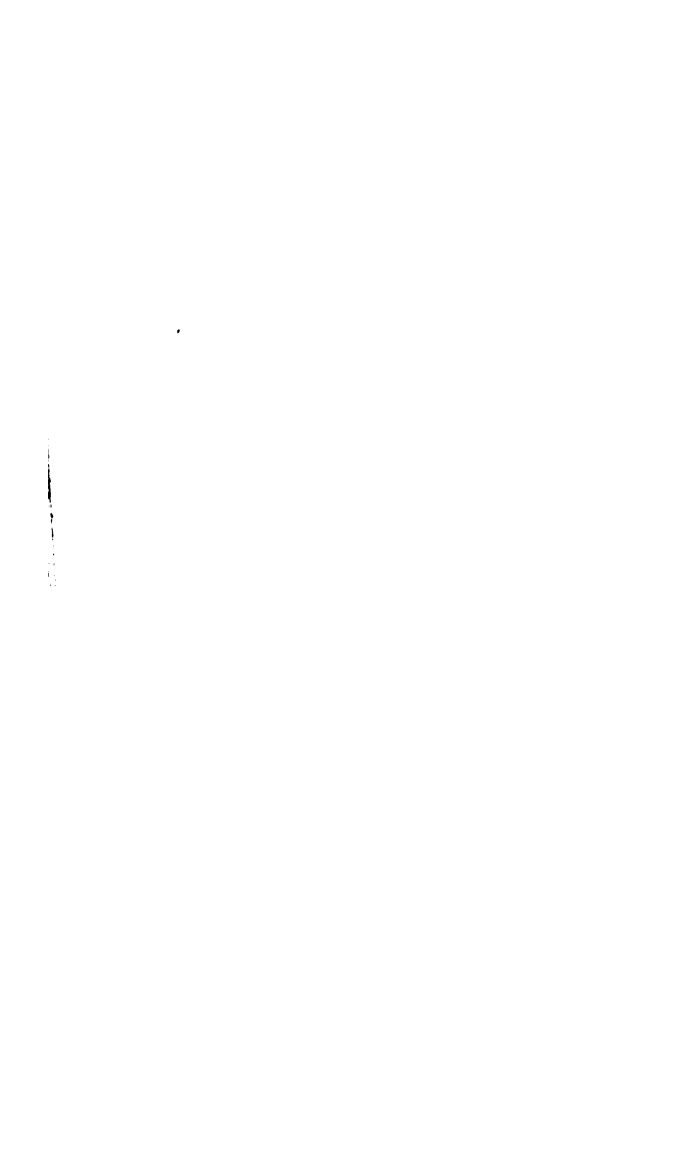
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